

Week ending January 8 1949

Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

HOW TO FIGHT BACK AT STALIN

by *BARBARA WARD*

Page 5

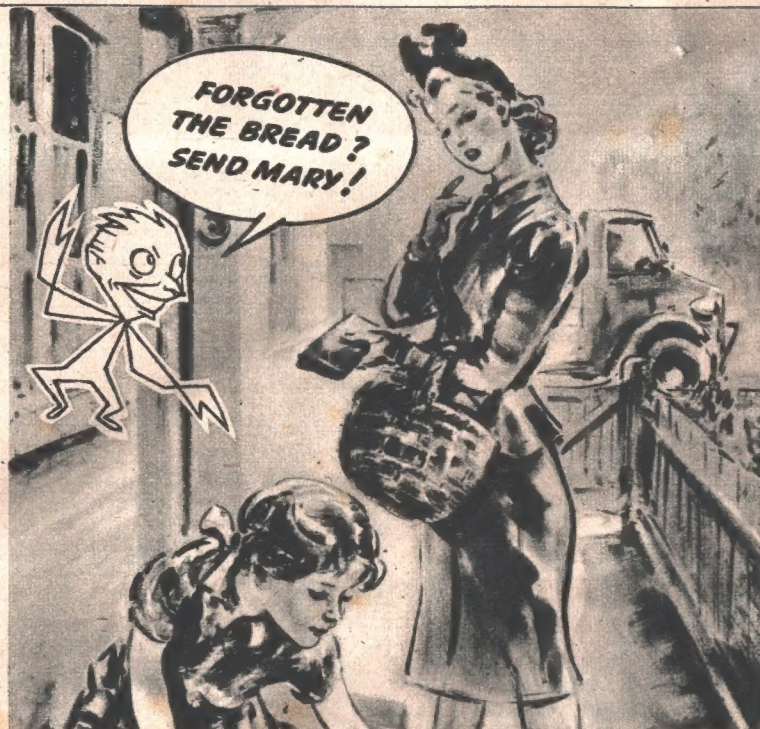
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Don't Forget the Plan

WE ARE NOW LIVING under a Four-Year Plan. Don't let's forget it. Otherwise, all the tonic value of having been set high targets to hit and promised prosperity prizes for hitting them will be lost.

The Government should keep on telling us how the Plan is going, not just in cold statistics, but with vivid, human showmanship.

When the Russians, between the wars, started their Five Year Plans, they turned them into fervent crusades. The result was the building of an industrial nation capable of producing the vast quantities of materials and supplies that were needed to stop Hitler's armies. We can do the same in our campaign to end austerity and win our economic independence.

There isn't much in Soviet Russia we need or want to imitate—but we can get some tips from the way they handle their national production plans.

Home Grown: Home Fed

FARMERS ONCE KILLED most of their beasts each autumn because they did not know how to feed cattle, sheep and pigs through the winter. Then it was found that livestock could be wintered on roots, which were later supplemented by oilcake and silage.

So there is no annual autumn massacre nowadays, and the land benefits doubly, for the wintering flocks and herds produce manure to be spread on the fields.

Because of the war, British farmers had for a time to do what their ancestors did every year. Lacking winter feeding-stuffs, they killed off their animals.

We are still short of meat because the flocks are only slowly being built up again. Yet already, fivepennyworth of the shilling meat ration is home-grown, and the proportion should increase in 1949.

Plenty of milk this spring will be another sign that cattle are being multiplied.

But the only sound way to support a much bigger animal population is to grow feeding-stuffs here—instead of importing them at great expense. That means we shall have to use all the land now being neglected, improve rough pastures with better grasses—they're doing it in Wales—and plan the long-term enrichment of the soil everywhere.

Trouble Spots

THE DUTCH, USED to running their rich colonial empire autocratically, have been tactless, heavy-handed and impatient in Indonesia.

But the Indonesians have sometimes shown cunning and hostility rather than friendly co-operation or willingness to compromise.

Their Republic was to have been part of a group-nation called the United States of Indonesia. The plan has not worked because neither Dutch nor Indonesians trusted each other.

And amid the welter of accusations

and counter-accusations the outside world has to peer hard to see the truth.

Many people are embarrassed in judging the Indonesian situation by our own actions in Malaya. But these are police actions, not military ones. A Communist minority, mainly of foreigners, is waging a campaign of murder and sabotage of which native Malaysians as well as British are victims.

Meanwhile, both Malaya and Indonesia, two of the richest parts of the earth's surface, are unable to play their part in world recovery.

It is vital that just and permanent peace should be made quickly in Indonesia; and that banditry should be stamped out in Malaya.

Postscript to Empire

ANY DAY NOW the first new coins will come from the Mint minus the words "Ind Imp"—*Indiae Imperator*, or Emperor of India.

They will be the visible token of the greatest act of abdication in history, when Britain voluntarily gave independence to the vast nations of India and Pakistan.

Today the Indians back the Indonesians. The Dutch might well study the example of the British.

Safeguarding Tradition

TOO FEW PEOPLE really care about preserving our historical possessions, such as old houses, churches and ancient remains.

So the drive to replan the country, to rehouse the people and to make the utmost practical use of every building and bit of land, threatens many irreplaceable treasures.

An old house with rich historical associations stands in the way of a new development scheme. To make a tidy job, the easier way is to pull it down. Then there is an outcry from people and societies interested in preserving traditions, and the Ministry of Town and Country Planning has to decide, after inquiry, what is to be done.

But this rough-and-ready system hasn't always saved historic buildings. We need something better.

People who pooh-pooh the importance of keeping visible relics of our history are just talking nonsense, and displaying their ignorance.

Let's put it in simple language. The British people wasn't born yesterday. It has grown into a great nation over thousands of years. Our roots are in the past, if our faces are towards the future.

If we cut off those roots by sweeping away all the visible evidences of history, we starve our minds and make ourselves insecure in spirit.

Modern roads and hygienic houses we must have—but we need them as well as, not instead of, the wonderful heritage of buildings and furniture, parks and gardens, which our ancestors have bequeathed to us.

Many of these precious places are scheduled as ancient monuments enjoying legal protection. There should be a clearer, all-embracing law to protect the others.

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HOW TO FIGHT BACK AT STALIN

by BARBARA WARD

Does fear of American "Imperialism" lie behind Russia's actions or is she really out to subjugate the world?

The fear factor was underlined by Edward Crankshaw in a John Bull article last week.

Here, another expert, Barbara Ward, puts a different view. We must, she says, stop making excuses for Stalin and meet his challenge. Marshall Aid for Europe is not enough. Only a world counter-plan will check Russia. But this needn't mean war

THE TIME HAS COME to cease examining and questioning Russian policy. There is enough evidence now assembled upon which to base one or two firm conclusions; and if the Western Powers want to have an effective policy, it is conclusions, not questions, that they need.

The motto for 1949 should not be: What will the Russians do next? It should be: What answer to Communism will be given by the Western world?

The first obvious conclusion to be drawn from Russia's recent behaviour is that the continuance of active Russian hostility must be assumed. Russia's leaders have after all done their best to make this point clear.

Everyone from the late General Zhdanov down to the smallest local Communist boss does little else but talk of the loathing the Soviet world feels for the West, of the necessity of "smashing the warmongers" and of recognizing the essential enmity between the Communist and the non-Communist world.

The difficulty hitherto has not been lack of Soviet information on this topic. Not an hour passes without a hostile speech. The difficulty has been the intense unwillingness of the peaceable Western Powers to believe that anything so unpleasant can really be true.

Stalin has only to hint that *perhaps* after all the two worlds can live together, and every Western pundit lets out a sigh of relief, suggests to the public that Russia may after all be prepared to work with its wartime allies and that everything may still turn out for the best.

But however understandable this desire of the Western Powers to believe the best of Russia and Russia's intentions, there is only one conclusion to be drawn from the diplomatic exchanges of 1948—that Russia regards the West with implacable hatred and will continue to do so.

Out to Destroy

The next point is equally obvious, but, since it is also equally unpleasant, it must be squarely faced.

The Russians are out to undermine and destroy the Western world.

If, without undue danger to themselves, they and their supporters could make every state in the world a Communist state tomorrow, they would do so. They are not interested in the typical half measures and halfway houses and compromises of the West.

If a compromise could have worked anywhere, it would have done so in Czechoslovakia, where a majority agreed

on radical social change and an even larger majority believed in basing Czech foreign policy exclusively on the Soviet Union.

But no—the compromise was not allowed to work. The Communists seized power and now, with the other Communists in Eastern Europe, are transforming every state in the Soviet sphere of influence into as exact a replica as possible of the Soviet "people's democracy."

Where it is safe to use armed force the Russians use it. The Red Army provided the cover for the imposition of Communism throughout Eastern Europe.

In the Far East, Communist armies are fighting both the Western Powers, as in Malaya and Indo-China, and Communism's local nationalist rivals, as in China, Burma or Indonesia. In South America violence was used in Colombia and in Costa Rica, and simmers below the surface of half a dozen other states.

Exploit Grievances

Where violence is not used, propaganda, incitement and infiltration take its place. Every economic discontent and injustice is exploited, every racial cleavage widened, every flame of social unrest fanned.

In Italy and France, large-scale Communist control in the labour movements has kept both countries in a ferment of strikes.

In Britain, the Communists alone fight the Labour Government's efforts to counter inflation.

But why continue the list? None of these facts is new. The point is to face them soberly and to recognize them for what they are—the methods whereby the Soviet Union seeks to undermine and destroy the Western Powers today and will continue to do so in the foreseeable future.

The last point to be noticed is that Russia's operations are anything but parochial. Europe is its field of activity but so is China and south-east Asia, South America and Africa, the British Dominions and the United States itself.

The revolt in Bogotá barely preceded the outbreak of revolt in Malaya; Communist armies were advancing in Manchuria while Communists took over government in Prague.

The hostility, the opposition, the propaganda and the violence of the Soviet Union are on a universal scale.

The Western Powers do not face simply a Western challenge. The challenge is global, the campaign on a world scale.

These, then, are the highly objectionable conclusions the Western democracies



French officer shows Montgomery round Western Union's new military H.Q. at Fontainebleau. It will take more than this to shake Stalin

are called upon to consider, and the first temptation may well be to give up hope altogether. "If these are the bases of 'peace' in the postwar world," some people may reason, "let us drop the atom bomb and get it over. Better—as the Germans used to say—a terrible end than no end to the terror."

However, the folly of that reasoning has been demonstrated by the Germans themselves. The wars they launched finally included not only many of their adversaries but themselves as well in a common ruin, and if one premise more than any other must guide democratic statesmanship, it is that atomic violence is the last resort of self-defence.

Fortunately, the foregoing analysis of Russian policy, unwelcome though it is, does not by any means necessarily prove war is the only answer.

Russia's two weapons in conducting its world-wide campaign of hostility have very serious limitations. Take, first, the weapon of violence. It is clear that the Russians are most unwilling to use it in anything more than a local conflict.

Russian arms could have taken Persia in 1946, but only at the risk of war with Britain and America. The risk was not taken. Russia could have given Markos the necessary military support to establish Communism in Greece. But only by clashing with the Western Powers.

Russia could, in spite of constant Turkish mobilization, overwhelm Turkey and take the Straits. But it would mean a war. Russia could close Berlin's air corridors tomorrow—but again only at the risk of general war.

We Have the Say

In other words, the Western Powers, not Russia, are in a position to say where violence will be used. In any area in which they are prepared to make Communist-backed revolt an occasion for their armed intervention, Russia's weapon of violence ceases to have its present effect.

The weapon of propaganda similarly depends not so much upon Russia's choice as upon the policy and performance of its adversaries.

The Russians have spared no effort to get Communism well rooted in the United States, in Britain, in Scandinavia, in the Low Countries. But against the political stability, relative wealth and the open vistas of further progress offered by all these states Communism has captured only a tiny minority.

In France and Italy, even the hope of a Marshall Plan halted the advance of Communism for a time, and, provided the French middle classes would pay taxes and the De Gasperi Government in Italy would pay more than lip service to agrarian reform, the unrest which is beginning to well up once again could certainly be checked.

Successful Communist propaganda is, in a word, far more a fruit of Western failure than of Soviet effort. The healthy community has nothing to fear.

If, then, the successes and failures of Communism are so largely determined by Western action or inaction, surely what is needed is not a panic retreat to war nor yet a panic-stricken surrender to "inevitable world Communism."

What is needed is a positive, sustained and world-wide Western campaign to counter Communism in the only effective way in which it can be countered—on the one hand, by pooling the military defences of the free world and making it clear that further Russian advance means war; on the other, by initiating on the widest possible scale schemes of peaceful reconstruction and expansion that capture the imagination of the world.

In this way, Russia's two weapons of violence and propaganda can be made to turn in the hands that use them.

If anyone doubts this conclusion let him compare the Europe of October,

1947, with the Europe of 1948—Europe before and after the Marshall Plan.

The mere hope of the plan checked the drift to Communism in France. The mere outline of a plan turned the Italian elections against the Communists.

Before it had fairly come into effect, it had forced the Russians to put the screws so tightly upon their satellites in Eastern Europe that Marshal Tito found the twist too much for him and Yugoslavia had to be drummed out of the Cominform.

The essence of the Marshall Plan was that it wrenched the initiative out of Russia's hands. It gave hope to ordinary men and women. It promised to give them better food and shelter, to give them work. Above all, it showed that democracy is a positive way of life, a faith that transcends natural boundaries and can create new hopes and new initiatives in international life. In doing these things, it gave Communism the lie and made the West the challenger.

If we tried for a moment to place our-



BARBARA WARD, who wrote this article, is, at thirty-four, a B.B.C. Governor, a broadcaster, author, and assistant editor of *The Economist*. Her latest book, *The West at Bay*, has aroused wide attention both in this country and the United States. Intended to be a singer, she became, instead, a lecturer after studying philosophy, economics and politics at Oxford. She has travelled in France, Germany, Italy, Austria and Turkey.

selves in Stalin's place in the Kremlin, and to gaze at the outside world, what should we feel? What should we say?

The plain truth is that we should not feel too discouraged. The Marshall Plan—yes, that would seem an unpleasant setback. Just when Western Europe seemed on the verge of collapse, new life is being breathed into it.

The Western Defence Pact would also be a hard fact to swallow. So would the Pan American system of hemisphere defence. And so, too, would be the slow emergence of a system of Atlantic defence.

But in general, Stalin, looking out at us from his "one world" of Communist domination, would not find himself confronted by another world as united and single-minded as his own.

He would see instead twenty or thirty different worlds, all with different names and labels, all pursuing different and often contradictory ends, all seeking separate salvation, all riddled with mutual distrust and suspicion. He would conclude that the free world he hates so much need not be destroyed from without. It is destroying itself from within.

Little Unity. No Strategy

This is the fact the Western Powers need above all to face. Apart from the Marshall Plan—which covers only a small though an absolutely crucial part of the earth's surface—the free world has little unity, little force and no grand strategy.

For months, Britain and America have been at loggerheads over Palestine. They have no wider joint picture of the Middle East as a whole. In Africa, the Western colonial Powers have little or no common planning; the United States is hardly concerned; South Africa is following a separatist and disastrous line. No attempt has been made to assess the position of south-east Asia in the light of potential Western defence, assistance and develop-

ment. Can anyone suppose that Communism's world-wide campaign of destruction and hostility can be properly met if all the wisdom, manpower and resources of the Western Powers remain divided, unco-ordinated and unshared?

The Marshall Plan is the only really successful expedient developed by the West since war ended. Is the principle it embodies to be applied in Western Europe alone?

Counting Our Assets

If the leaders of the West were serious in their determination to seize the initiative not only in Europe, but all over the world, their first task would be to assess their assets. They are tremendous.

At the top of the ledger stands the United States, unchallenged in economic power, almost alone in the postwar years in its position to create surplus wealth, potentially the political leader of the free world. Next in importance is the British Commonwealth, stretching across the

redressing adverse balances by cutting the imports of the debtor country, but by expanding the imports of the creditors.

A periodical balancing of the books would reveal where special stresses and strains were emerging, and concerted action would then be taken to restore balance at the highest, not the lowest, common denominator of trade.

The functions of the Bank would be twofold; in the first place to ensure that the free world was getting sufficient capital into international circulation, and, secondly, to undertake in the world at large new models of those great projects, such as the Grand Coulee Dam, the Tennessee Valley Authority, the Dniepestroi, which seem to have as much a symbolic as an economic value.

If, within five years of setting to work, the free nations could point to a Euphrates Valley Authority, a vast development scheme on the Yangtze, the transformation of Formosa into a powerhouse and storehouse of the Far East, the Russians could whistle up ten more Five-Year Plans and still have the whole weight of Western achievement working against them.

These are only two methods. The aim should be to use every link—every economic act of co-operation, every economic process of "getting mixed up together"—to underpin the new unity of the free world.

And, most important of all, the free nations must express their determination to co-operate in some solemn political compact which, while recognizing a degree of looseness and diversity as the condition of co-operation, nevertheless commits the five systems to a fundamental loyalty one to the other.

Within the free world there already exist degrees of association as unrestricted as the British Commonwealth and the Pan American system. These, perhaps, can be the models, or at least the starting points of "more perfect union"—but a union of the free peoples is politically the only answer to the threat of the expanding Soviets. However prudent the steps taken, of the direction there can be no doubt.

Many will protest at this point that the project of a Western strategy on a world-wide scale is simply unthinkable. There could be no such co-ordination of policy, no such pooling of resources, no such joint defence.

It's a Huge Task

Admittedly the necessary scale of the operation leaves one rather dazed—but there is nothing negligible about the scale of the Communist challenge.

Eighteen months ago, the Marshall Plan would have been inconceivable. In 1940, lend-lease and mutual aid were beyond the horizons of credibility. But it is the life-giving secret of the free way of life that its responses are still unconstrained and elastic, and that the very size of the challenge brings forth an equivalent response.

Today, the reason for facing Russia's challenge soberly and squarely is not to inspire defeatism or rouse fierce desires for war. It is simply to allow the scale of the necessary counter-offensive to sink into men's minds and to prepare them for the far greater efforts of imagination, hard work and even sacrifice which a successful surmounting of the challenge will demand.

Within a year of the Marshall Plan, it is already time to say the Marshall Plan is not enough. It must be the little pilot parachute that drags out the tremendous span of the free world's united effort.

For America to restore wealth and hope in Europe is the first step. The next is to mobilize the wealth and skill and vision of Europe and America together to turn Communism back—peacefully but inexorably—to the farthest ends of the earth.

Some day, when petrol returns, millions more will run their own cars. A nice prospect, but as America is finding . . .

You've got to park it somewhere

by ROLAND WILD

SO BRITISH CITIES ARE having their car-parking pains again? Drivers think they are victimized; traffic halts and appointments are lost, while police restrictions get tougher on cars stopping, cars parking.

Well, the other day I drove into San Francisco. The road in was a Kingston By-pass, all the way. I had breakfast, parking the car in an immense concrete square by the side of the café. A notice said: "A dollar an hour parking! Free while you eat!"

I drove on to the grocery store on the corner; that is, the store owned the corner space, but left it free for parking, while the building was set back sixty feet from the road. I went on to the shoe-repair drive-in. If you have your shoes repaired (while you wait), you can use their parking space.

Then I reached the biggest garage in the world, underneath the Leicester Square of San Francisco.

I drove down a steep ramp and left the engine running. A young man in a white overall slid behind the wheel and parked it on the fourth floor down below Union Square. I paid two shillings for four hours' parking. There were 1,500 other cars in the garage.

That is how San Francisco has handled its parking problems. "Parking can wreck a city," said one of the chiefs of the Chamber of Commerce to me. "Parking has already changed the character of American cities, altered the habits of its inhabitants, ruined big stores, forced tens of thousands to get up earlier, or live farther out, or give up a home. Parking is the juggernaut of America. We have to keep fighting the problem like a disease."

City That Grew

This city, and the faster-growing city of Los Angeles, had troubles comparable to those in Britain. But both cities had advantages not enjoyed by the older cities and towns of Britain. For both could hew out new roads, reserve space for parking lots, and throw road bridges over existing modern highways.

Los Angeles found itself faced by several new factors that threatened to make it the world's worst-parking city.

The vast area of the city (it is forty-eight square miles and still growing) made it pretty necessary to run a car. Los Angeles has more cars per person than any other city in the world—one and a half million cars and trucks for three and a half million people.

Cars were cheap, and petrol since the war is unlimited. The maid drives to work, and every factory has a thousand cars parked in its yard.

Imagine, then, eight six-lane roads leading into the city. During the morning rush hours there are four lanes towards the city, two in the other direction, on each road, and *vice versa* in the evening. The lights are set for sixteen miles from the coast, to allow a driver at thirty miles an hour to pass unimpeded and without a halt. The motorist estimates that he will travel the sixteen miles, from one of the great dormitories of Los Angeles, in forty minutes.

In the city, within three blocks of his



Room for more on top: New York store deals with its parking problem

office, he can find a car park that will charge up to five shillings for the day. But the headache now facing the civic authorities is that they have no assurance that the privately-owned garages are there to stay.

Over 100,000 cars are parked every day in a small area the size of the City of London. The space for one car is worth £250 a year.

But at any moment, owners of parking lots in the city might find it more profitable to sell their land for building, and in a few months Los Angeles would be without room for its motorists. So the city swung into action.

Onus on the Boss

It is now illegal in San Francisco and Los Angeles to erect a building without a garage or parking space for one car per 1,000 square feet floor space. This works out at space for one car for every ten employees.

The San Francisco experiment of a vast municipal garage operated in the centre of the city is being copied in Los Angeles—plus fifty per cent. Pershing Square, only twice the size of Leicester Square, will cover 4,000 cars.

The attendants will slide down firemen's poles for quick service, and will travel up on patent hoists which whip them upstairs. They can wheel a car up from the depths in a maximum of four and a half minutes. Los Angeles will pay £1,000,000 for the world's biggest subterranean garage.

Londoners have trouble over parking in side streets? Having done what they could to provide parking space, Los Angeles told its police to get tough. Out

into the streets went traffic police on combination motor cycles, armed with a stick pointed with a piece of chalk. They rode slowly up the lines of cars, marking each rear wheel with a chalk mark in the same place on the tyre. An hour later, they checked.

If the same cars were there, they left a ticket on the windscreen, instructing the driver to pay two dollars—or else.

There was no argument, and no recourse to a magistrate. The motorist was usually willing to pay his ten shilling fine and save the trouble of appearing in court.

The next step is to try to eliminate the all-day parker from the lots intended for short-term parkers. The stores don't want the business man who leaves his car for eight hours; they prefer the housewife who will take up parking space for an hour and spend money in the store. So they offered free parking for all who could show a receipt for a purchase.

Housewives Spent More

The average amount spent per car was near £20. It was better than the business man who paid five shillings for the day.

"We are trying to save the heart of a city," said one councillor who had studied the problem. "Unless every city in the United States acts now to preserve parking space in the centre, it will be found that the centre will die, and the shopping will be done far out in the suburbs."

Already that threat has been put into effect in this, the city that grew too fast. Big stores have moved to Hollywood, eight miles away, and to the wide boulevards of the dormitories. The great

hotels are rearing up above the outlying boulevards.

In the centre of the city, a few first-class hotels remain, like oases in a stone and cement desert. The streets empty after midnight in the middle of the city, while on Hollywood Boulevard and the famed Sunset Strip there is a stream of cars till three in the morning.

Entertainment has moved out of town, too. It is as if the Strand were suddenly deserted, and the Kings Road, Chelsea, or Hammersmith Broadway, had become the centres of night life and theatres and restaurants.

Rats Take Over

The centre of Los Angeles, the city which grew from some 2,000 souls in 1880 to more than 3,000,000 today, tends to drop back into its original state of desertion when night falls. By midnight, Pershing Square, in its centre, is overrun with rats which climb down from the palm trees.

When the movie star drives to his favourite restaurant, he slides out from under the driving wheel under the awning and leaves the engine running. An attendant fits a cloth cover over the wheel, or wears white gloves for handling the car. The star doesn't see his car again until he calls for it.

But this costs money. Working for seven hours nightly as a car parker, your college student gets £12 a week and tips.

Another strange offshoot of the parking problem is the vocation of car-hop, a waitress who serves meals on trays in automobiles. She gets £20 a week and tips—but she works for it.

Dining in a drive-in is a popular custom, and the parking problem is automatically solved. It is part of a world where you hear all your music in a car, watch movies from a car, do business in a car. One million film fans watch the movies from their cars in 761 outdoor movies. It is small wonder that America has trouble finding room for them all.

London Must Prepare

How far have the cities of America gone towards solving the problem? Could London and the great cities of Britain take a leaf from the American book and begin to look after the motorist as a start to solving the threat of strangulation?

London at some time in the future may have to realize that an hotel is incomplete without space for as many cars as there are bedrooms; that business offices should provide free parking for at least ten per cent of employees; and that shops in the middle of a city will do twice the business (according to a conservative estimate here) if the customer can drive up, park for an hour or so, and drive away comfortably without the endless hunt of the baffled seeker for *lebensraum*.

For when petrol comes back, and cars are on the old ratio of one vehicle to every ten Britons, then we might study the findings of the experts who have already had to deal with a situation in which every third citizen is at the wheel of a car. Cities have died by ignoring the warning sign.

PORT ON THE SHERATON TABLE

JOHN BULL January 8 1949

by LOUIS GOLDING

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY HERBERT

IT WAS A FRIGHTFUL NOISE. Everybody jumped out of their skins. And all it was was a glass of port falling on to the surface of a mahogany dining-table.

But it was *such* port. There can't be many casks of it left in the world outside the cellars of St. Crispin's College. And it was *such* a mahogany dining-table. You'd have to go a long way before you'd find a piece of Sheraton so exquisite. And the glass of port smashing on the mahogany table shattered a silence so religious, you might have thought yourself in the Albert Hall listening to a Beethoven symphony.

This is what happened. I had been invited to dinner by a friend of mine, Professor Ireland, one of the dons of St. Crispin's, Oxford. And after dinner we had gone up to the Senior Common Room to take coffee and sip our port. Now and again somebody talked. Most of the time nobody talked.

There was really not much point in talking when you had port like that to roll around on your tongue.

My friend, Ireland, who speaks and writes German better than most Germans, was sitting opposite me. Beside me was old Godden, the one who knows enough about the atom-bomb to break the planet in two if he wanted to. But he doesn't want to because he loves Shakespeare so much, and particularly Shakespeare's sonnets.

And suddenly old Godden started off in a way he has. I mean he started off quoting one of the sonnets. He does it in his sleep, his wife once told me. He does it in his laboratory. That night he did it at the dining-table of the Senior Common Room at St. Crispin's. I think he must have been addressing that glass of port that slumbered before him on the sunset surface of the table, like the smoky eyes of an Iberian señorita.

"Not marble," he murmured, "nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

I happened to be looking at my pal, Ireland, when old Godden started his quotation.

"You old dark horse," I was saying to myself—and to Ireland. "What were you up to all that time? The war's over, isn't it? You can tell me now, can't you?"

You see, I had met him in '41 at Hyde Park Corner. It was two o'clock in the morning, and he wanted a taxi and I wanted a taxi, and there was an air raid on more or less. We'd both been waiting about for an hour and then at last a taxi drove up.

"Yours," he said.

"Yours," I said.

We both thought that was rather nice of both of us, so we shared the taxi as we were going the same way. When we got to my house, the taxi wouldn't go any further as the bombs were now coming down good and hard. So I invited him into my house and said he could have a shake-down. Also, he could have a glass of port. He was dressed up as a sergeant, but I felt he was the sort of sergeant that preferred port to beer.

Also I had the feeling that, though now he was wearing three stripes on his sleeve, sometimes he wore a crown on his shoulder-strap. (And I was right, as you will learn shortly.)

So the sergeant came in and we drank port, and the bombs dropped, and we sat up talking. In fact, we talked the

The sonnet should have gone down well in such mellow company. Instead each word brought back a grim story which he had kept a secret far too long



The colour went out of Ireland's cheeks. His fingers relaxed and the glass fell on to the table

clock round. I didn't ask him what he was up to, he didn't ask me what I was up to. He knew my name, and he told me his name was Turner, though I felt it wasn't. All I found out (because he didn't try to conceal it from me) was the fact that he knew Germany like the back of his hand.

WE saw a lot of each other for well over a year and became very close friends. Then, without any warning, he disappeared. I didn't try to probe the darkness which had swallowed him up. Then, much later, he returned, just before the end of the war.

He told me his real name was Ireland, till recently Major Ireland, and he was going up to St. Crispin's to become tutor in medieval and modern German. He said not a word about what he had been up to in the years between, not one word.

"You old dog," I was murmuring to

myself, drowsy with their celestial port, that night in the Senior Common Room of St. Crispin's. "The war's over, I say. Come clean!"

Then old Godden started quoting the Shakespeare sonnet. And I saw the colour go out of Ireland's cheeks. In his eyes came a look of torment. His fingers were round the stem of his glass. The fingers relaxed. The glass fell on to the silken surface of the Sheraton table. The incomparable port drooled and dribbled like a spatter of ink.

It wasn't at all clever of me, but I knew at that moment that that sonnet of Shakespeare had something to do with Ireland's secret years, the years after 1942, when he had disappeared as completely as a puff of smoke. I knew, too, he was keeping some perilous stuff bottled up inside him, and the sooner he got it out of his system the better. So when we went up to his rooms for a whisky-

and-soda and last smoke, I got to work on him. This is what I found out.

He had been in the Intelligence Service. Of course he had. That stood out a mile. He had been given one of those ticklish jobs you heard of from time to time. He had been ordered to become a German infantry captain, by name Seppi Siegler.

I don't need to go into the business of telling you how he did it. This isn't that sort of story. But I will say that he was given Hauptmann Siegler to study at first hand for a good many months. He studied him as a mother studies her new-born child, as a bacteriologist studies a bug on a slide. He became Hauptmann Siegler right enough. He walked and talked like him, he thought like him, he knew all his second cousins to the fifth generation and the way he spread pepper and salt on his bread-and-butter.

Then they dropped him by parachute, and in course of time he rejoined his

"old regiment," which was stationed near Morlaix in Brittany.

By that time practically everybody he knew was wiped out, and that helped quite a lot. It made it almost too easy. Just the same, you and I would have found it quite an assignment to be Hauptmann Seppi Siegler when your real name was Taylor, or Golding, or something.

The months went by. There was a great deal for Sergeant Turner, in certain files described as Major Ireland, to report on. And he reported it. He did a good job of work.

He was helped considerably by a certain Hauptmann Müller, a brilliant young officer very much in the good books of the people back at the Kriegsministerium, the War Ministry. Müller and Siegler became good friends. . . Toni and Seppi they called each other.

He was a first-rate fellow, this Toni, a Regular Army officer of the old school, no Nazi moonshine about him, but, of course, a burning patriot. He was a humane officer, a fine gunner, a brave man, but it didn't stop short at that. He loved music and drama and poetry. So did Siegler-Ireland. They had a lot to say to each other. And, as I have said, Toni was saying a good deal more to his friend than he knew.

They often quoted long chunks of poetry to each other. (The real, original Siegler had been like that, too, of course.) Siegler-Ireland could quote great chunks of Goethe, Schiller, Kleist and all the great German poets. He, of course, forebore from quoting Heine, who was a Jew and had therefore ceased to be a German poet for the time being. In fact, he had ceased to exist at all.

TONI MÜLLER liked Shakespeare, too. He didn't pretend, like many Germans, that Shakespeare was really a German. He admitted he was an Englishman, and yet he liked him. He was particularly fond of Shakespeare's sonnets, which have been beautifully translated into German. He knew very little English, so he was always quoting the German version. So was "Seppi."

The two young men could maintain long conversations with each other, just quoting lines from the German version of the sonnets.

Well, they were out in the streets of Morlaix one fine morning in the late spring of 1944, walking along, looking very fine and smart in their uniforms and highly polished leggings. And "Seppi" was well away. It was the sort of morning that lent itself to poetry. He had quoted a great chunk of *Faust*, and now he had gone over to Shakespeare.

They agreed, he and Toni, that the German version of Sonnet fifty-five just couldn't be any inferior to the English original. The German version goes like this, and it doesn't matter whether you understand it or not, for we are lucky enough to have the original in our own language.

"Seppi" started off:

*"Kein Marmor und kein goldnes Fürstentum
Wird meine mächtigen Töne überleben."*

I want to emphasize this again: he was quoting the German version, not the English. The wind was blowing hard against the backs of their necks. It was partly the wind and partly the Shakespeare, and the narrow twisting street may have had something to do with it, too. Anyhow they did not hear the squadron of English bombers till they were just overhead, just above the rooftops you might have thought. (It was the period when English bombers were doing a lot of softening up of German

Continued on next page

New term, new problems

by RICHARD COLLIER

The schoolmaster's timetable might look humdrum. It's the boys that put life into it

PROBABLY FEW PEOPLE can tell you just what they will be doing at any given hour next week as accurately as thirty-five year old Henry Morton. For Henry, one of twenty-five assistant masters at a South London secondary school, has his day all mapped out in advance on the timetable for the new term.

Because of that unchanging routine, a good many of Britain's assistant masters—there are roughly 80,000—go sour on the job. But Henry Morton (his real name can't be published) still finds his interest in his boys is great enough to survive a five-day week that takes in thirty-five three-quarter-hour periods.

Says Henry: "Don't forget a schoolmaster is privileged to watch something very few other people ever see—the growth of a boy's mind right from the earliest stages. There is always plenty happening while that's going on."

He recalls the time, for instance, when a group of older boys planned an elaborate "rag" on an unpopular French master. One of them staged a faint in the corridor. A second afterwards a horde of boys entered the classroom bearing the limp body of their ringleader. Could he lie down for a few minutes until he recovered?

"Daddy!"

The unsuspecting French master promptly cleared his desk of papers and transformed it into a couch. He even proceeded to administer *sal volatile*. Gradually the boy's eyelids fluttered and he began to struggle upright. "Daddy!" he cried weakly, and flung his arm around the master's neck.

It was a wonderful moment. The boys still talk about it.

Nothing except personality and experience can save a master from becoming the target of "rags" like that one.

Henry decided to become a schoolmaster quite early on in life. He spent three years at Oxford, got his B.A. degree, then stayed on a further year to take a diploma in education.

After training, he was free to find a job through either of the two usual channels—the "Situations Vacant" columns of *The Times Educational Supplement*, or one of the big London scholastic agencies, who take five per cent of the first year's salary if they find the applicant a job.

Salaries of secondary school assistant masters range between £300 and £555 a year, although four years' completed

training brings an extra £30 a year, and a degree a further £30. Special responsibilities, such as being deputy headmaster or a head of a languages department, carry an increment of between £50 and £150. Henry, at his school, is head of the German department as well as deputy head of the French department.

Nowadays, he maintains, boys are not as bright as they were—he finds that many boys are as much as one and a half years behind with their syllabus.

Tougher Element

This, he thinks, is due partly to war-time evacuation, which disrupted lessons, and partly to the recent raising of central schools to secondary school standard, which has introduced a "tougher" element into the classes. A lesser reason is that, during the war, schools had to call on less competent masters.

The boys' average attitude was summed up for him by the lad to whom he devoted an entire period in an attempt to teach the infinitive of one verb. Finally, for the fourth time, Henry wrote it out in full on the blackboard.

"Now, then," he said, "what's that?" The boy didn't know.

"But," said Henry in exasperation, "that's the word that I've been teaching you for nearly an hour."

"I know," said the boy triumphantly, "but you haven't taught me yet."

Apart from teaching roughly a third of the school's five hundred pupils between nine o'clock and a quarter to four, Henry supervises them twice a week at rugby and is president of the school chess club.

He is also head of a "tutor-set" or form, in which he acts as guide, philosopher and friend to the boys throughout their school life. Joining the school at eleven and leaving at eighteen, they remain in the same "tutor-set" the whole time they are there, though dividing into age groups for lessons. Under this system one master keeps constant touch with a boy—and with his parents, who are encouraged to bring their problems direct to him.

On the whole, Henry gets on well with the parents, although he has run across

one or two difficult cases now and again.

One mother, who was deaf, used to visit him regularly and subject him to a long tirade of criticism. As soon as Henry began to defend himself she disconnected her hearing aid and sat back in disapproving silence.

Discipline? Henry has a system.

"First," he says, "you have to get the boys used to behaving while they're still young. There's no need to use the cane. When they're old enough to understand why they come to school, you throw the responsibility on to them."

He tells his classes: "Frankly, I don't care whether you pass the exams or not. That's up to you, because *your* future depends on it, not mine. But if you're willing to work, I'm here to help you." He has never known it to fail.

Some masters take "discipline" to extreme lengths. One sarcastic master took a boy to task for staring out of the window at a man sweeping up leaves.

"That's the way you'll go," the master told the boy, "if you sit daydreaming. You'll just sink down and down until you become like that man—fit for nothing except sweeping up leaves."

The boy gave him a long look of hatred. His face had gone quite white. "That, sir," he said, "is my father. And I don't think he's feeling very well."

Checked the Headmaster

Henry particularly remembers a boy who took the entrance examination at one school where he was teaching. Although the boy's answers were outrageously cheeky, they showed intelligence and he was admitted to the school.

After morning assembly on the first day of term the boy was summoned to the headmaster's study.

"Your papers were a disgrace," the head told him, "yet in spite of that we've taken you in. Do you know why?"

"Yes," said the boy, who was never at a loss for an answer. "Because you're sorry for my mother."

The headmaster was never at a loss for an answer either. "That's right," he agreed, unlocking his cupboard. "Now bend down—"



Return to five-day week: secondary school boys back from holidays

Continued from previous page

communications in preparation for the great landing which was not far ahead.)

Really those bombers looked very big and close, and very full of bombs. No wonder "Seppi" held his breath for a moment and stopped quoting Shakespeare.

But it was all right. No bomb came down. The squadron flew on and over.

And, of course, both the young officers were at pains to convince themselves and each other that the thought of being blown to smithereens hadn't jolted them in the tiniest degree. So Toni went on pulling his small moustache, as he had been doing a second or two ago. And "Seppi," without turning a hair, went on quoting his Shakespeare sonnet.

But this is where he made his one serious mistake as an Intelligence officer. Having quoted the first two lines of the sonnet in the German version, he continued the quotation in the English version. Thus:

"But you shall shine more bright in these contents

"Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time."

He realized his mistake only a few seconds later, and in that same instant he was aware that Toni had turned, had directed one swift look at him, and had turned away again. But it was too late to do anything about it. If Toni had got on to something, it was tantamount to an admission that there was something for Toni to get on to. It was tantamount to an invitation to a squad of soldiers to put a volley of bullets through his brain.

So as nonchalantly as he knew how, "Seppi" continued the quotation in the English version, to the first full stop:

"When wasteful war shall statues overturn,

"And broils root out the work of masonry,

"Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn

"The living record of your memory."

Then he made some casual remark about the art of translation, and then he changed the subject.

FROM that moment everything went sour. It would be absurd to say he was not afraid. Of course he was afraid. He was engaged on a desperately dangerous job, and the penalty for being found out was extremely unpleasant. But it was not so much the fear that got him down as the uncertainty and . . . yes, the irritation. That was the word. He was irritated at the thought that he was doing a damned difficult job really well, and the job might have to stop.

Would the job have to stop? Would it? The speculation went trampling through his mind like a pair of yoked oxen. Had Toni perceived the significance of that sudden switch-over from the German to the English, or had he not? Or, on the other hand, did that sudden glance mean precisely nothing at all?

But if Toni had drawn a certain conclusion—and what conclusion but one was there to draw—was he going to report his suspicion to his seniors, as he was in duty bound to? Or would Toni perhaps keep it to himself? Would Toni keep a lonely watch on him, till he had jockeyed him into a position in which he, "Seppi," betrayed himself irrevocably?

What was his own duty as a British soldier in these circumstances? Ought he to try and make a quick get-away while the going was good? For it was some time since he had made his last report to his seniors and he had accumulated a good deal of valuable information under his cap. It would be difficult, to say the least, to hand over his wares

after the Germans had put him up against a wall and shot him.

But he always came back where he started from. Had Toni got on to something, or hadn't he? If Toni hadn't, it would be terrible to run away just as he had got everything organized and it was all running as smooth as buttermilk. If Toni had got on to something he must get out of it, and damn quick, too. . . . But supposing he hadn't . . . supposing he had . . . supposing he hadn't . . . supposing he had. . . . It was like a hammer banging on his skull . . . he had, he hadn't, he hadn't, he had. . . .

So "Seppi" kept watch on Toni and his brother-officers with the timeless caution of a cat waiting at a mousehole. Except that, in this instance, it was he, "Seppi," who was the mouse, and the world around him was a mass of monstrous sabre-toothed cats.

Was the attitude of his brother-officers towards him exactly the same as it had been before? Or were their eyes following him with a dreadful new interest? Did he sometimes surprise them talking about him in whispers behind their hands?

He was afraid it would drive him mad. Was that exactly what they were waiting for? Did they at least do him the courtesy of believing that, so long as he remained sane, they would have the hell of a job to get anything out of him; while, if they drove him mad, was it their idea that they would make him drip secrets like a tap dripping water?

It obviously couldn't go on. There would have to be an explosion of some sort, and sooner rather than later. And there was an explosion right enough, some eight days after the episode of the Shakespeare sonnet.

It was a series of explosions, to be exact. In fact, it was an air raid, a really unpleasant one. "Seppi" was with Toni when it started, in Toni's quarters. As usual they both tried to pretend the air raid wasn't happening, though it was strictly against orders not to go down into the shelter the moment the warning sounded. The bombing got worse.

The goddamned Engländer were really letting themselves go this time. It was hard to believe they weren't pin-pointing

the camp. In fact, "Seppi" had a private reason for believing that was the very thing the goddamned Engländer were doing. He shrugged his shoulders. That was one way out of his dilemma.

Then, at last, when a bomb came that seemed to make the hut rise from its foundations like a straw hat in a wind, the two men got up simultaneously.

"Perhaps we ought to," said one. "That's what I was thinking," said the other.

So they went out of the hut and descended very casually into the nearest shelter, as if they were going down into a beer-cellar for a pint of Hackerbräu.

They sat down on a bench down there. They were quite alone, for there were a number of air raid shelters up and down the camp. A bomb fell, not many yards away. It had almost certainly demolished the hut they had just left. A sudden thought flashed into "Seppi's" brain.

If Toni had still been there, in that

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Success

NOTHING, they say, succeeds like success. I've never known just what that means. It's like saying that nothing rains like rain.

What really succeeds, surely, is knowledge, backed by enthusiasm and determination.

Take the case of an industrialist I know. As a small boy he worked in spinning mills and weaving sheds, watching and observing all the time. Then he got a laboratory job and became a textiles expert.

He devised new methods, invented new fabrics. Today he has his own business with world-wide connections.

As always, knowledge, backed by enthusiasm and determination, won this man success.

Yet some people moan that there are no opportunities these days!

by ROFFE THOMPSON



"Ah well, I suppose we'd better be going"

hut, Toni would have been dead now. If Toni had guessed who "Seppi" was and for some reason had not divulged his suspicions to his senior officers, Toni would never be able to breathe a word to anybody ever, for Toni would be dead.

Then "Seppi's" bomb exploded. This time it was not an outside bomb, it was an inside bomb; it was inside "Seppi's" brain. He took Toni's pistol from its holster, shot Toni through the side of the skull, and dropped the gun by Toni's side, so that it would look as if Toni had shot himself. It would look as if Toni was a coward, as if Toni's nerves were all shot to pieces, as if Toni couldn't take it.

"Seppi" went up out of the air raid shelter, leaving the body behind, the body of the coward who was no coward. It was not the only thing he left behind there. He left also his peace of mind.

From that moment a devastating contrition walked beside him, sat beside him, like his shadow. It was with him night and day in Brittany, till the last day his job held him there. It was with him in Germany, where his job next took him. He brought it back to England when his job was over. It leaned over him that night I dined with him in the Senior Common Room at St. Crispin's, and old Professor Godden started quoting the fifty-fifth sonnet of Shakespeare. . . .

*"Not marble nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme."*

The words were like a bone splinter touching an exposed nerve in a tooth. The glass of port slipped from his hand. The wine dribbled on the mahogany surface like Toni's blood dribbling on the floor of the air raid shelter, that night in the camp near Morlaix in Brittany.

So, for the next hour after "Seppi" had shot his friend, he walked up and down the avenues of the camp, up and down, up and down, while the bombs fell from the bombers, and the shadow of Toni walked by his side.

"If I was blown up," said my friend, Ireland, that night in his room in Oxford, "I was blown up. What the hell did I care? If I wasn't blown up, I'd survive and get on with my job."

"I survived, and got on with my job. They found Toni's body, and there was an inquiry. Toni was a coward, they all said. His nerves were all shot to pieces. He couldn't take it any more—all exactly as I'd foreseen. I couldn't tell them that Toni was all right, that his nerves were not shot to pieces any more than anyone else's. For that would have meant telling them how Toni had really died. And that meant the firing-squad, and the end of the job, and the job wasn't done yet."

He was silent for some time, then he spoke again. "It was bloody!" he shouted, clutching his empty glass, till I thought it would crack against the palm of his hand.

"Not marble nor the gilded monuments," he mouthed bitterly. "A monument of blood I built for that poor son-of-a-gun!"

"Quiet!" I shouted. I went over to him and clutched his shoulders. "You say your job wasn't done yet?"

"It wasn't," he murmured.

"And you did it, you finished it?"

"Yes."

"Then what the hell? Forget it! And when I say 'forget it!' I mean 'forget it!'" I thrust back into my chair again. "Give me another drink!" I ordered. "And have one yourself! A big one! Like this!" I measured between finger and thumb a space of some four inches.

"Thank you very much," he murmured.

"Down the hatch!" I said sternly.

"Down the hatch," he whispered.

We drank. We both felt better after that.



Catholic mayor: Alderman Lane was told off for going to Anglican church in official capacity

Communist scientist: Prof. Haldane is an "odd man out" in experts' row with Lysenko of Russia

BRITONS ON THE SPOT

by CLAUD MORRIS

Today in Britain many sincere, well-meaning men face a personal dilemma. In some cases, their problem is three-sided, involving Conscience, Country and Creed

A FRIEND OF MINE is a Jew. He is a young business man. A year ago he took a little green-funnel boat out of Tilbury and went over to Palestine, the land of the Jewish dream, just as Russia is the land of the Communist dream.

Thick-bodied Jewish farmboys, scraping barren, rockstrewn hilltops. Polish Jews, Russian Jews, German Jews, Lats and Swedes. He lived among them.

And when he came back to this country he brought in his attaché case a contract for oranges, and something more. In his mind was the philosophy and ideology of Zionism.

One night the phone jangled him out of bed in his Hampstead flat. The voice on the other end asked him whether he was the Mr. X who had made many financial appeals for the new Jewish state. Yes, that was so. Would he be prepared to do more, asked the voice.

It appeared that there was a small Jewish group on "important work" in this country and badly in need of cash. Yet when my friend looked up the antecedents of the group of Jewish "patriots" who had approached him he found they had pals across the Atlantic headed by Ben Hecht, the man who boasted of having a song in his heart every time a terrorist killed a British Tommy.

My friend was hip-deep in one of

the great problems of our time. If you had to list the loyalties in your own life, in order of importance, which would come first—a political party, your religion, or your country? What if two such loyalties were tugging at you in opposite directions?

This friend of mine disliked British policy in Palestine. "You are a Jew first," said the man who wanted his money. "A Jew, a Jew, a Jew. Only second can any Zionist call himself a member of any British community."

What was the answer to that one?

So He Phoned the Yard

My friend said: "I am sympathetic to the cause of Palestine, I could be no other. But I will not be put on the spot. I am, after all, a citizen of Britain. Here is where I pay my taxes and bring up my children. I will campaign for what I believe right on political platforms inside my own country. But I will aid no organization which seeks to embarrass, or terrorize, my fellow countrymen abroad."

Simple? No, not so simple. They continued to bother him. He wrestled with his conscience.

One morning he lifted the telephone and called Whitehall 1212 for the Special Branch of Scotland Yard. And there was then no more bother.

He is not the only man on the spot in Britain today. And it isn't, for any

man, an agreeable sensation to be on the see-saw between two loyalties. Ask the Roman Catholic Mayor of Wolverhampton, Alderman Lane.

Up there in that Midland town life for him went on as it goes for all men. Work in engineering from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. Taking his wife to the pictures. On Sunday, going to Mass. Weekaday friendly meetings with his working mates, who happened to be Protestants.

Then, at the age of forty-seven, his working mates nominated him mayor.

It is an important thing to be mayor of an English city. A mayor is the centre around which all happenings revolve. When he becomes a mayor a man is no longer, in terms of public service, just a Tory, or a Labour man, or an individualist, or a business fellow.

But the Roman Catholic Bishop of Wolverhampton thought otherwise. When Alderman Lane, in the course of his duties, started attending Anglican and Congregational church services he was severely rapped on the knuckles. For it happens to be a rule of Catholicism that its followers do not attend the devotions of other sects.

To continue as mayor and face even the possible loss of his faith, or to resign his mayoralty? This was the dilemma in which Alderman Lane found himself. Finally he decided to continue doing his duty—as mayor. But was that the correct choice?

Let me tell you the story of another fellow who had to choose. His name is Alan Nunn May. For years he had been a member of the Communist Party. Then, during wartime, he undertook important atomic research and swore not to divulge information regarding his work—no simple oath.

One day he was appealed to, not as a British citizen, not as a scientist, but primarily as a Communist. The Soviet Government, hampered by the fact that it could not learn all it desired about the new atom project, envious and suspicious

of Anglo-American secrecy, desired a sample of Uranium 235 Enriched, and Uranium 233.

Surely Dr. Nunn May would agree that it was a laudable object to disseminate the results of scientific discoveries? Surely this was a matter somewhat above politics, or race? That was virtually what they said.

As a British citizen Dr. Nunn May is stated to have hesitated for quite a time. To say that he did not hesitate and weigh the odds is to condemn him as a fool, and men in their own intricate way always weigh the odds and worry with their minds a great deal about such matters.

It was finally easy for him. It is always easy for any man *once he has won* the lonely fight against his own pillow at night, and come down heavily on one side or another.

A meeting after dusk, the passage of a few ships of paper, a package, and it was all over. But as a result a brilliant man now wastes the most vital ten years of his scientific life dusting books and scribbling index cards as the librarian of Wakefield Prison, Yorkshire.

There is no dilemma for Dr. Nunn May now. But a dilemma still remains, in a very different form, in the case of one of his scientific colleagues.

The other day I saw this man, Professor J. B. S. Haldane, a tall, burly, seventeen-stone scientist, walking out of the gates of King's College, London.

He is one of the world's foremost exponents of genetics. He has always examined the facts, appraised them, and come down heavily in favour of the truth no matter whose toes he stepped on. Admirable.

But he is also chairman of the editorial board of the *Daily Worker*, the newspaper with headquarters in Farringdon Road, London, but with an editorial policy not in all senses dissimilar from *Pravda*, of Red Square, Moscow. And in Moscow there is news of a new theory of genetics, sponsored by a Soviet farmer called Lysenko. Lysenko says that changes in heredity—in plants, or animals, or even men—can be brought about by changes in environment.

They've Been Purged

Never mind, however, the scientific abracadabra, right or wrong. The most important fact is that practically all scientists outside Russia disagree with Lysenko. Even at home many disagree with him. But the poor scientists in Moscow who thereby got out of bed the wrong side of Lysenko, and of the Communist Party, have been purged—the way of the world in those parts.

More than that. Lysenko, confident after the Communists have smashed all opposition to him in his own country, has denounced the genetics which Haldane in Britain has stood for all his life. He has called Haldane and his colleagues lots of bad names. "Reactionary," "feeble," and men "utterly alien to the outlook of the Soviet people."

What a dilemma for Professor Haldane, who in 1942, in the full flush of war, first got a Party card. Is he a scientist first, ready to denounce Lysenko as bogus if the facts point that way? Or is he first a Soviet Marxist, ready to follow the latest party line, no matter where it leads?

While waiting to examine further evidence Haldane now lamely keeps in step by saying that he probably agrees with Lysenko on "fundamental points."

But he is on the spot. The issue is clear. It is the same issue which faced the scientists in Moscow. Either agree with Lysenko or be kicked out of the Communist Party. That is why allegiances to ideologies or powers outside their own country are today like

Continued on page 15



John Sanders compares snapping live mink with an expensive made-up coat

He breeds beautiful coats

by HARRY HOPKINS

TO MOST PEOPLE, mink is a symbol of luxury in women's coats. But to John Sanders, ex-paratrooper, mink is something much more down to earth. Mink is a rather smelly little animal that needs a lot of feeding. It is also his daily bread.

When I met Sanders at his farm near Littlewick, Surrey, he was cramming fish into a mincing machine. Mink like fish, but are not very discriminating, which is convenient, because there is always plenty the fishmongers are only too glad to throw into Sanders's bin when he goes on the morning round of Woking in the little two-seater.

"I'd always wanted to go into farming," said Sanders. "but these days you need so much money to start up. . . . I couldn't run to it." Mink were the answer to that problem.

Demobbed, he trained for a time on a mink farm in the Home Counties. In January, 1948, he laid down the money for his first twenty mink.

Meat followed the fish into the mincer. It was throw-out stuff, collected at twopence a pound, under Ministry of Food licence, from surrounding slaughter houses. Then, a spicing of yeast, cod liver oil and greens, and Sanders plunged

his bare arm into the porridgy mess, stirring vigorously. A mink's diet is repulsive, but they work their way through three-quarters of a pound or so apiece each day.

The original twenty mink are now seventy. And at twenty-two he's already looking forward to 2,000 "pelters" a year.

Some of the pioneer mink men, in the twenties, suffered heavy losses with their stock. But that, it is now known, was due to ignorance of a few simple rules. They ran their mink, for instance, not on wire, but on the ground, where they lay on top of one another, ruined their fur and caught pneumonia from damp.

In fact, mink are sturdy creatures with few ailments. Canadians by origin, they're something between an otter and a weasel, living on the banks of streams. They're nocturnal by nature and need shade. Sun reddens their dark coats and spoils them in a furrier's eyes.

A properly nourished mink should have a spare tyre on its belly. A dry nose and a bloodshot eye are danger signs. A spot of starvation might do good.

Seven Months to Live

The life of a farm mink is regular, well ordered and just seven months long. It enters the world in May and departs on schedule in December. Its death warrant is the creamy colour of the skin, which shows that the fur is at its prime.

A knock on the head would damage the fur, so mink are killed in a variety of bizarre ways. There is the airtight box with chloroform. There is the airtight box with rubber pipe conveying carbon monoxide from the motor car exhaust. There is the ninety-five per cent solution of nicotine, injected between the teeth.

Fortunately, says Sanders: "Mink is the one animal it is quite impossible to get sentimental about. They're just thoroughly unpleasant. . . ."

The skin comes off in one piece and, stretched inside out over a narrow board, is hung on the line to dry. This is the way the fur merchants buy it, striking it against the edge of the table to test its suppleness; but it is still a very long way from the skin as it will appear

JOHN BULL January 8 1949

when dressed, lustrous and "dropped" with V-cuts to twice the length, the mink of the Mink Coat.

Sanders sells his pelts to the Hudson Bay Company. A single pelt brings in £6 on an average. The cost of feeding is around £1; the cage around thirty shillings. And a thousand mink can be raised on fifty square yards of waste land.

Few investments these days yield such rapid or remarkable returns. As one mink man put it to me: the profits in rabbit breeding can be measured in shillings; in mink breeding, in pounds.

Yet there are far more commercial rabbit breeders than mink farmers. One reason is the high initial cost and the relatively slow multiplication rate of mink. Sold in "trios" of two females and one male, breeding animals cost from £50 to £75. On the average, the female mink produces four "kitts" a year.

To get a return on your money in the first year, therefore, it is generally reckoned that you need eighty or ninety animals. To start from scratch in what he calls a "really worthwhile way," John Sanders reckons you'd need £5,000.

However, some of the most successful of Britain's band of forty or so mink farmers have started from the smallest possible beginnings and progressed well.

In His Back Garden

In 1939, George Anderson was a policeman at Bonnyrigg (pop. 4,483), in the Kevock Valley, beyond Edinburgh. He acquired a few mink from a friend and kept them in his back garden. All he had to guide him was a Canadian textbook and his own Scots common sense.

The mink thrive and multiplied. Today, George Anderson's beat-pounding days are no more than a memory. Eight hundred mink dart and flash like quicksilver in the long double-decked rows of cages. An assistant hammers away at a couple of travelling boxes: *Live Mink! They Bite!*

The prospects before Anderson and his fellow mink farmers are good. Britain's damp, mild climate is very close to that of British Columbia, to which most of the Canadian mink farmers have migrated. The British furs so far produced have been well up to standard. Yet the mink population of Britain—and London is the clearing house of the world's fur trade—is still below 10,000.

As a promising export industry mink farming has the backing of the Board of Trade which has sponsored visits to Britain by a German mink expert, Herr Heer, who formerly managed a fur farm in the Russian Zone with 30,000 mink.

What is it about the fur of this unprepossessing little beast that makes it worth all the trouble? The answer a furrier will give you is that no other fur, except possibly sable, approaches its capacity to combine a silky quality with the ability to stand the hardest wear.

Yet, whatever the fur's intrinsic value, the present fabulous price put upon it derives from its being hard to get. Will such scarcity value survive expansion? Or are the mink farmers in danger of knocking the bottom out of their market?

Who Buys Them, Anyway?

That question didn't shake George Anderson. He laughed. "They started silver-fox farms around 1900. Now silver fox is about finished. . . . But it's taken half a century, nearly, to saturate the market. Yet you can make a garment from seventy to eighty fox skins. You need 200 mink to make a coat. . . ."

No, the thing that puzzles this big, burly ex-policeman as he walks around his ranks of cages is entirely different. "Two thousand pound for a coat!" he says, slowly. "It beats me who buys them. Even with all these here, why, I couldn't afford to give my own wife a coat. Whoever buys them, now? I'd like to meet the person that buys them!"

Colon

Times might have chan

compromised a

WATERBURY IS ONE of those towns which still boast a County Club of the antique style, by which I mean a gloomy mausoleum, with grimy windows and a good deal of dust in visible and accessible places, and cobwebs, and a scent of old meals, but to which, nevertheless, it is a privilege to belong.

Heaven forbid that I should say anything against the place. My wife runs it. Sometimes with and sometimes without the help of a cook, she sees that some food is always available for such as need it. Sometimes with and sometimes without the help of housemaids and charwomen, she sees that a path is maintained through the dust and the cobwebs.

About the scent of cooking she can do nothing because Colonel Frobisher, the permanent resident, refuses to have a window opened.

Officially I "help about the place," which means that when I am compelled to, I do any job which nobody else can be found to do. But I intend, one day, to write a book, a remarkable satirical chronicle of small-town life; and while I prepare myself to do so the Waterbury County Club provides me not only with board and lodging, but with a good deal of useful material. And entertainment as well.

I spy, and I eavesdrop quite unashamedly; it is all in the cause of art. I avoid work as far as possible because it distracts my mind. And now and then I spend an hour or two working up some little incident into a short story, just for practice. This is a sample of my style; the story of Miss Eleanor Cantrip and of Colonel Frobisher and Mr. Sullivan and another, as the catalogues say.

BEFORE he lost the last of his wits, Colonel Frobisher is said to have told another member that he remembered the end of the American Civil War because it coincided with his ninth birthday. That makes him ninety-two years old. In body he is not as senile as his age might suggest.

He can dress himself and feed himself and propel himself short distances; his eyesight is good, particularly for things at a distance, and I have proved that he can hear when he really wants to. But his mind stopped about twenty years ago and has run backwards ever since. They say that during the Hitler war he was a terrible nuisance over the blackout and said some hard things about Bismarck. He spends the whole day, nowadays, sitting by the window that looks out on to the High Street. From outside he looks rather like a mummy, but he is capable of taking notice, as you shall hear.

Miss Cantrip is the daughter of Major Cantrip, one of our members. A comic or pathetic figure according to the nature of the beholder. A common type enough. Tall, not ungraceful in a way, but seeming awkward because she has no

Colonel's Orders

ged, but not the Colonel's standards. If you

girl, you married her *by* **NORAH LOFTS**

confidence in herself and is always in a hurry.

So eager to ingratiate herself with anyone who will notice her that when she smiles she shows too many teeth; so harassed, what with household chores, the way things are nowadays and the good deeds inherited from a more leisured past, that her hair is always coming down and her shoes need cleaning. So selfless that so long as father can afford his whisky and to play for rather high stakes at bridge, fashion changes mean nothing to her.

YOU know the sort. Shopping on a bicycle because father wants the car, and by the time he is ready to drive into town all the fish will be gone; hurrying home to polish the silver because the daily woman—all they can afford now, with whisky so dear—isn't up to the niceties of the job and father is critical; gardening all afternoon because dear mother, now departed, always took such interest in the garden; and then rushing round the village with a bunch of parish magazines in one hand and the National Savings register in the other because gentility has its obligations.

That is Miss Cantrip.

Then there is Mr. Sullivan. A north-countryman, big, solid, awkward and yet aggressive; bound to get on and quite all right, no doubt, in his way and in his right place, which was not, even when democracy has had its due, the Waterbury County Club.

Mr. Sullivan—nobody ever called him anything else in my hearing—came as head chemist to Bognall's. Bognall's is a commercial firm and a smart one, but Eric Bognall is a gentleman and a snob. The two are not incompatible. Ordinarily, Bognall would have employed Mr. Sullivan, paid him, valued his services and been extremely civil to him, but would have taken no interest at all in his social life. But it happened that Mr. Sullivan, as well as being a brilliant chemist, was an outstandingly good cricketer, and cricket was Bognall's great weakness.

The works had its own team, and everyone knew that of two men applying for a post there, other things being even, the one who knew a cricket bat from a hockey stick was certain of the job.

Mr. Sullivan came to Waterbury in April; during May and early June he made some remarkable scores—I am not a cricketer and so cannot go into details. But I do know that about the middle of June, Bognall brought Mr. Sullivan into the County Club and at the end of the month proposed him as a member.

Nobody was really in a position to oppose Eric Bognall, but there were some nasty remarks made. A more sensitive or perceptive man than Mr. Sullivan would have sensed the atmosphere and wilted away; but he was tough. He'd come a long way and now he had arrived.

And Miss Cantrip, in her vague, hurried, too-pleasant way undoubtedly

encouraged him. I used to watch them together and smile to myself. It was so obvious that he was both fascinated and repelled by her. Fascinated because she was going out of her way to be pleasant to him and was, in a way, a social lifeline, saving him from the appearance of ostracism; repelled because her careless, hurried slovenliness of clothing and make-up compared so unfavourably with those of the neat, go-getting little north-country lasses to whom he was accustomed. I could see all that. And I could see through Miss Cantrip, too.

Partly she felt pityingly towards him, and partly something else. After all, she was lonely. She spent a lot of time in the club on those evenings, when, divorced from her bicycle, she waited for father's rubber to end. And nobody else took much trouble to be pleasant to her.

Before July was out people were laughing and hinting and saying acidly sweet things about the pair. If Mr. Sullivan really wanted to do well for himself . . . if Miss Cantrip hankered for marriage . . . she couldn't hope for anything better . . . he'd always be able to make a living. . . .

But I had seen Mr. Sullivan once or twice with a young woman of much more his own type, a neat, well set up, well turned out little body. My passion for observation is not satisfied with what it finds inside the club walls; it takes me out occasionally, and the "Fox" is a very comfortable hostelry. It was there that I watched Mr. Sullivan's little lady making a lot of play with a glass of what she called "gin-and-it" and a very stiff little finger with a red nail. I didn't give much for Miss Cantrip's chances after that.

I RECKONED without Colonel Frobisher, however. August passed. One evening, towards the end of the month, Esther—my wife—said, in the dictatorial tone she sometimes adopts towards me: "For goodness' sake, go and prod that old fool off to bed; it's past eleven. Honestly, something'll have to be done about him before the winter sets in. He gets on my nerves!"

I knew that when Esther mentioned her nerves it was serious; she has none. She calls on them at times as heathen call upon God.

So I went into the lounge and there, all alone, was Colonel Frobisher at the window, staring, in what I admit was a rather uncanny way, at something in the High Street. I let my glance follow his stare, and saw, under the full glare of one of our new "daylight" street lamps, Major Cantrip's shabby little car, with

When she did arrive she made every other women in the room look like last year's model. It was superb

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON



Miss Cantrip and Mr. Sullivan very plainly to be seen seated inside it. Not in any compromising attitudes; just sitting and talking, or not talking. Waiting.

Over their heads, also visible in the ghastly light, was the clock on the town hall; the hand moved to the quarter past position, and Mr. Sullivan leaped out of the car and hurried away in the direction of Bognall's. At the same moment, it seemed, the main door of the club, which was to our left, opened, and Major Cantrip, Eric Bognall and two other men emerged into High Street. The major walked to his car, Miss Cantrip moved over and gave him the wheel and he drove off.

"Time for bed, Colonel," I said.

"I should say so," he said, quite clearly, and then, rising from his chair and beginning to propel himself across the room, the old man started to mutter. I took no notice. He was always muttering to himself and he had agreed that it was time he retired.

NEXT morning I did notice that he was wearing his best suit and a shirt whose laundering both irked and puzzled me. I send my shirts to the same laundry, naturally, but I never by any chance get one back in quite such a glistening state of positive cleanliness as his.

At about a quarter to twelve Mr. Sullivan came in, with his defensive, aggressive and yet satisfied manner, and ordered a lager. As he gave the order Colonel Frobisher, who was in the window, as usual, said, in a voice quite unlike his own, a rapping, rasping, parade-ground voice, in fact: "I should like to have a word with you, sir."

Clearly, something was in the air. When I brought back the lager I also brought a duster. After serving Mr. Sullivan, who by this time had taken a chair near the colonel's, in the window, I went very quietly to the end of the room and began to wipe the thick accumulation of dust off a set of dreary leather-bound tomes which filled the shelves of the bookcase.

I don't know exactly what I expected to hear, but what I did hear was better than anything I could ever have imagined, a piece of denunciatory eloquence straight out of the nineteenth century. I hadn't my notebook, and my aural memory is bad, but I remember it began: "Do you intend to marry that gel?" And Mr. Sullivan said, like a fool, "Which girl?" And the old man said that ladies' names weren't to be bandied about in club rooms and that naturally he meant the gel who had been so cruelly compromised.

Mr. Sullivan said that he hadn't compromised anybody. Colonel Frobisher said that if sitting in a cab with a gel for forty-five minutes, after dark, wasn't compromising a gel he didn't know what was, and if he didn't know, nobody did.

Mr. Sullivan said that he had been walking along Pilchester Road, on his way to work—he was working a night shift from eleven thirty to six thirty—and that Miss Cantrip had overtaken him and offered him a lift. That made him early and since she was waiting for Major Cantrip naturally he had waited with her. That made sense to me, but not to the colonel.

He said—yes, despite my bad memory for exact speeches, I will swear that he said: "Egad, sir, you're more of a cad than I thought." And from that promising beginning he rose to greater heights of invective, finally promising "by all that's holy, sir" that if the would-be cad didn't mend his ways and "come up to scratch like a gentleman" he would see that he never darkened the doors of this or any other decent club again.

Mr. Sullivan let me down. Slowly moving my duster, I backed his sound, good northern common sense; I half

THIS WEEK'S COVER



STICKS and stones and breaking bones—what an uproar! This week Douglas L. Mays's cover kids have been reinforced by a bevy of visiting country cousins. While one little miss does some exploring with the bathroom taps, her brother wades in to uphold family honour in the great pillow fight. There's really no need for that pig-tailed tell-tale to scream for daddy, for the pool of water on the bathroom floor is already seeping through the ceiling. One thing can be guaranteed: by the time angry parents can reach the landing, all those little darlings will be fast asleep in bed.

expected him to tell the old man not to talk like something out of a nineteenth-century best seller. But he let me down.

When Colonel Frobisher had done—and there was a lot more of it which I can't remember, but I have indicated the general trend—the poor sap said in a voice in which the north-country accent was more pronounced than ever, and which sounded as though he were strangling: "I promise you, sir, that I'll think things over."

"Thinking be damned. You'll act, and promptly, before there's any more gossip. Otherwise you'll discover to your cost that what I've been saying to you is only what everyone else is thinking, by gad! I bid you good morning!"

And there was—laugh how you will—something very impressive about that curt sentence of dismissal. Even I felt it.

Within a week the engagement was announced. Comments and opinions—of which I made it my business to hear as many as humanly possible—were sharply divided and highly diverting. I observed that as a rule the horse-faced ladies felt that Miss Cantrip was letting the side down and thought that her age should have given her sense, while the

pussy-faced ones professed to feel sorry for her and thought that it was her age which had undermined her sense.

Men, with their more academic approach, suggested that now Major Cantrip might introduce Mr. Sullivan to his tailor and wondered how he felt over losing his housekeeper.

Major Cantrip himself seemed quite unperturbed. He had learned that Mr. Sullivan was already earning fifteen hundred a year, with prospects of more; and when I heard a lady ask Miss Cantrip if she had her eye on a house yet, and the poor girl replied that luckily there was no need to house-hunt since they had arranged to live with father, I understood the major's attitude better. Nothing to lose and all to gain.

His behaviour towards dear Eleanor improved considerably and on several occasions I saw him drive to the fish shop himself.

The people upon whom the engagement worked the biggest change were—as was right and natural—Miss Cantrip and Mr. Sullivan. He became more and more himself, proof I suppose of his being a strong character. More aggressive, more cocksure, more awkward, and more dour. Rather like somebody who, forced to take a dose of unpleasant physic, is determined that it shall do him good in exact proportion to its nastiness.

Miss Cantrip changed completely. Not in one day, or week, or even month, but by imperceptible stages, like an opening flower bud. Less hurried, less gangling, less untidy, and less frantically anxious to ingratiate.

Eric Bognall was pleased by the engagement because he thought that it anchored down his cricketer. Brilliant young chemists who had broken their home roots were rather apt to take jobs offered them in Guatemala or Argentina. I heard him express this opinion over his lunch, and I thought it was as sound and sensible as his views generally were.

But a few minutes afterwards, when Miss Cantrip entered the room, accompanied by her father and her fiancé I saw the great man's eye rest upon her with a slightly wistful, wondering expression, as though it had occurred to him that Eleanor was, perhaps, being sacrificed upon an altar of cricket bats.

IT HAPPENED to know that she was not the victim. The victim was the neat little north-country piece with the red nails. I had witnessed a really interesting scene in the "Fox" during the week after the announcement. She'd been very angry and then very tearful and both states suited her well. I'd rather have liked Colonel Frobisher to have been with me then.

The wedding was fixed for December, and about midway through November Eric Bognall gave a party which by some means or another became recognized as Miss Cantrip's and Mr. Sullivan's party.

Nobody actually said that it was the seal of his approval on an arrangement that suited him, or a kind of godfatherly gesture towards a pair who were, compared with him, young and penurious. But all that was tacitly understood.

Two days before the party Major Cantrip, over lunch, proffered the information that Eleanor had gone to Town, "Shopping, you know. Gave her fifty pounds and told her to get herself something pretty." Advance royalty, I thought, my mind being literary. I rather feared for her. Let loose in London, with more money than she'd ever seen or handled, I thought, and a little dizzy in the head, and with all the New Look about.

Naturally, I was roped in to help with the party. Miss Cantrip was late, so late that some people had suggested that she had shied off, being unused to festivities. But I privately thought that a portion, at least, of that fifty pounds was going to make an appearance presently. And, by jove, as Colonel Frobisher would have said, it did. All of it, and very well expended, too.

WHEN she did arrive she made every other woman in the big room look like last year's model. All that untidy hair was sleek and a kind of apricot colour. (Esther says "brightening rinse," I say "dye.") And it was all piled up on top of her head, firm and almost sculptured.

She had a gold dress with some frills about it. I'm not good at describing clothes except when they are ridiculous; and this was not ridiculous. It was superb.

But the whole thing, the hair-do and the dress were all set off and enhanced by Miss Cantrip's bearing. And that reminded me of the bearing of a pampered child at its first party, not quite knowing what it is all about, but knowing it will be delightful and prepared to enjoy every minute of it.

I must be singularly blind, or else this damned business of making myself useful impairs my observation. For I was as surprised, as staggered as everybody else to learn, during the next week, that Miss Cantrip had broken her engagement to Mr. Sullivan and was going to marry Eric Bognall, that wealthy, most elusive bachelor who for twenty years had been the despair of every scheming mamma in the county.

The news rocked the whole district to its very foundations.

So now there's a Mrs. Bognall to rule the town and the County Club. And Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan are sweating away in Venezuela where at sundown she drinks a gin-and-it with a stiff-stretched, red-nailed little finger.

And Colonel Frobisher still sits in the window of the County Club, looking like a mummy, and seeming to have no awareness of anything later than the Zulu War.

WITH MY FEET UP

by IAN FOX

ENTITLED "400,000 Years of Modern Art," a recently opened exhibition (which I haven't seen yet) aims to show, I imagine, that Picasso paints like primitive cavemen, and cave drawings look as if done by Picasso. Except, that is, for Picasso's latest dog-faced centaurs, which are beyond even a caveman's pet animals.

One notable omission from the exhibition (as if he cared!) is the modern artist Psynckpype. He thinks even Salvador Dali is old fashioned.

Psynckpype's latest contribution to art is what he calls Tactilism. He says, "Art, she is nozzing widout it.

To see is not enough—the canvas must also be touched."

In pursuing Tactilism, Psynckpype only paints pictures which are to be felt as well as seen. There is one, entitled "Study," which is painted on sandpaper. Another, also entitled "Study," has points of gramophone needles sticking out of it. A third (entitled "Study") is done in treacle.

Psynckpype's pictures are mostly still life. When he recently tried to get ideas for a touch picture from a living model she strode from the room, saying, "He calls it Tactilism—I call it taking liberties."



hurricanes, blowing men like Professor Haldane loose from their moorings.

What of the split loyalties in the trade unions? The other day I went down to see Victor Feather, the assistant secretary of the T.U.C. He sits behind a desk in Transport House, London, as one of the leaders behind the campaign to throw out T.U. leaders who are also Communists.

There are one or two of them—but the prize figure is undoubtedly that of Arthur Horner, pugnacious little secretary of 700,000 miners. Horner's dilemma is that of every Communist trade union leader. As a Communist he might well welcome a coal crisis in this country during the next two months. For empty coal boxes in Britain should mean elation in Moscow.

But, as a trade union leader, Horner stakes his reputation on getting the miners to work harder, on seeing that the Marshall Plan does not go under for lack of light, heat and power.

In October last Horner made a speech supporting the French miners' strike, which had a political purpose—to bust the Marshall Plan. When he came home he was heavily caned by his fellow mining trade unionists. So next day Horner found himself again in his Thames Embankment office, the crossroads of coal, urging on the telephone that the miners get Marshall Aid coal cutters and machinery to beat their export targets.

As one of his colleagues put it colourfully to me: "Arthur is like a man sleepwalking at night down a corridor which leads to the rooms of two sweethearts. One day he'll wake up and decide to open one of those doors."

The faithful Communist, the fanatical Zionist, the Catholic mayor—all are different symptoms of the same dilemma. Which loyalty comes first? They can equivocate and argue for a time, but must finally choose.

What, in the final analysis, should men and women in Britain remember? From where I sit today, here in Cornwall, I can see the long hill up which used to walk my grandfather, heavy with work and hungry for food. He was a very poor man. When he died he left me no money, and he left me no land. But he left me something which all grandfathers can bequeath—he left me a little faith.

Our Roots Go Deep

I remember these words of my grandfather: "I do not know what people think in Germany, or how they live in Russia. I have walked up this hill all my life and I am just beginning to hope to understand what men think and feel in the next village."

We in this country live in a democracy which, whatever its faults, has its roots in a thousand years of history. The Fascism which boasted of a thousand years ahead lasted a couple of decades. Communism is a stripling, just thirty years old.

The men in a spot who regard with favour some foreign "line" should ponder what their kind of progress costs in other lands. I could take them to an island called Gavdos, the prison camp for the foes of Greece's present régime. I could take them to the great camp within twenty miles of Barcelona, where a thousand men get occasional doses of castor oil and rubber truncheon. I could take them to Moscow, where all ideas which the political bosses frown on are banned.

Any Briton, knowing the world outside, should think twice before moving, however innocently, a single step towards betraying the institutions under which we live.



Last match for Chelsea. Tommy Walker (second right) gets best wishes

Scot who came and conquered

by JULIAN HOLLAND

Tommy Walker's departure from English soccer reminds us that a little Scottish skill in an English team can work wonders

THE FIRST GENTLEMAN of soccer has returned to his home. After gracing the English soccer scene for two brilliant seasons, Tommy Walker, Scottish international, possessor of thirty-one "caps," has left Chelsea to become assistant manager to the Scottish club, Heart of Midlothian, with whom he began his footballing career. He will play the season out with his old club before retiring from the game as a player.

With his departure, English soccer has lost a man who typified that forceful quality of play, that attack and directness, which characterizes the Anglo-Scot—the Scot playing in English League football.

In recent years the number of Anglo-Scots has increased considerably. More and more first-class Scottish footballers have been brought south in an effort on the part of English clubs to infuse new life into the English game.

Defences had become near-perfect; fewer and fewer goals were being scored. Logical, calculated, defensive methods before the war forced the ball out to the wings; now, with the full-backs lying wide, even that avenue of approach to goal has been closed.

Today a defence is only susceptible to the opportunism of a Mortensen, the speedy position changings of such an attack as the Manchester United forward line, or the sheer football craft of the Scot (or his imitator).

The Scottish game of skill, the defender drawn and the ball placed accurately into the open space behind him for a colleague to run on to; the play which takes the ball from foot to foot into the goalmouth and into the net, like the certain, precise movements

of a chess gambit; this game at its best will break down any defence.

In the first week of the present season, I saw Sunderland, their forward line brilliantly led by Len Shackleton, tear holes in the Wolverhampton Wanderers' defence by continual and persistent use of the Scottish "open-space" pass. Such play requires speed, exceptional judgment, and fine ball control.

For years before the war, Preston, which has always been an attractive and successful side, despite its present position in the league table, imported Scots to play their kind of football to an English background. The policy paid; Preston was a winning side. Its present plight will last only so long as it lacks the man whose job has been to discipline and finish off the team's approach work—Tom Finney, who has missed most of this season's matches through injury.

Scots Among the Great

Great sides like Arsenal (with Macaulay and Logie), Blackpool (with Munro—the hardest worker in last year's Cup Final), and Derby County (with Billy Steel) are dependent on their Scots. And Chelsea, who for years have put football above results, appear every Saturday afternoon with a complement of Scots—enough to make a quorum round a goalmouth.

Tommy Walker, one of the greatest of these Anglo-Scots, entered English League football at a time when it was most ripe to receive him. Brains and an exquisite sense of footballing are among his finest attributes, qualities which needed to be infused into English football. But perhaps his greatest gift is his perfect control over the ball.

Tommy Walker's control is control in movement. Running at high speed with

the ball, he is always master of it. It goes where he wants it, not he after the ball, in the mad scramble of the sprinter-turned-footballer. He has never learned how to stop with the ball and beat an opponent at a standstill before moving on with it, as Matthews, that other master of ball control, has done. For behind Walker's reliance on movement lies all his Scottish craft in the cutting open of defences.

Walker is a master of that most important of football moves—how to get rid of the ball. He knows as he takes the ball upfield exactly where the best-placed of his colleagues is, and as an opponent comes in to the tackle, the ball is moving off to that colleague in the fast, rolling ground pass of his.

His Team Within a Team

Walker is the complete footballer. Ball control, speed, positional sense, brains and generalship are all allied to a shot that has made him one of the most effective penalty kickers for years.

Whenever and wherever he plays, he forms around himself that team within a team which is the hallmark of skilled football—the wing triangle.

This mode of attack, with the wing-half and the two forwards in front of him working as a unit, is one of the most satisfying sights in all football. Those who saw in the thirties the famous left-wing triangle at Bolton of Ray Westwood, Willy Cook (himself a Scot) and George Taylor, or who see now at Blackpool the right-wing triangle of Mortensen, Matthews and Harry Johnston, will know what a glorious spectacle this kind of play can become.

Such a triangle forms about Walker in every game. The success of the move lies in the involved and confusing interchanging of position between the three players, and in the bringing into the attack of the wing-half. The play requires discretion and generalship. Walker's natural qualities of leadership make him ideally suited to employ such a tactic.

There is something, too, of Scotland in the cleanness, the Presbyterian cleanness, of Walker's play. He is not the sort of man one expects to see mixed up in the tough business of professional football. He has gained a reputation for clean play unequalled in the story of the game.

Refused to Play Fouls

It is said that in his sixteen years of professional play he has yet to give away an intentional foul. There are very few players, however scrupulous, who will not avail themselves of the "advantage" foul—the foul which, though conceding a free kick, prevents the development of a dangerous situation. Yet Walker has at all times refused to benefit from this loophole in the game's laws.

There are too many stories about Walker's conduct and behaviour for them all to be ignored, or dismissed as so many exaggerations. Player after player has told of Walker's remarkable influence in the dressing-room.

Footballers, like soldiers, have a very limited but direct way of expressing their feelings, and by the end of a game every player has some steam to let off. A missed goal, an "off" day, a referee's bad decision, all seem to call for strong language, if only to ease the strain.

But the presence of Tommy Walker sitting in the dressing-room, cool and unruffled, makes the player hold his tongue. Instinctively he realizes that the words aren't necessary, that the world hasn't really come to an end, that next week will be an "on" day when he'll get his goals and the referee will turn out to be his closest friend.

There are hundreds of footballers who will speak like this of Walker. All respect him, not only as a footballer, but, first and foremost, as a man.

WHEN MISS ALLISON, the Eurasian nurse, leaves the car and walks back along the escape route to help at the birth of an Indian baby, Mrs. Betteson decides to join her.

Then both women quietly but firmly tell Paterson they intend staying behind in Burma despite the appalling refugee conditions, the danger of cholera, the danger from the advancing Japanese.

For Paterson, their decision is the final blow to his plan to keep the escape party together. But he understands and respects their motives.

Now the group making for India is reduced to four: Paterson himself, Connie McNairn, and the two Burmese, Nadia and her young brother, Tuesday.

As Paterson drives on, Connie feels more and more ill. So as not to be parted from Paterson, she has lied to him about the thermometer, about the extent of her fever. But Paterson is no longer deceived—any more than he was deceived about her plan to represent him as an eager suitor when he first came out from Britain.

Her sickness and the heat prove too much for Connie in the back of the car. She loses consciousness.

PART IX

Connie McNairn's Struggle

THROUGH the open aperture of the tent, Tuesday could see Miss McNairn, lying on the camp-bed, and Paterson, arms folded over his bare knees, sitting on a box beside her.

"Patson sir," he said. "Supper for Miss Connie. Nice fish."

He saw Paterson lean forward in the lamplight.

"Bring it in," Paterson said. "Come in."

On the bed Miss McNairn lay flat, face upwards. Paterson leaned over and said to her: "It's Tuesday. He has fish for you, of all things."

She made troubled and hazy attempts to focus the boy. From her horizontal position she seemed simply to look far beyond him, a few inches below the level of the plate, to the dark triangle of the tent aperture. The boy knew that she did not see him and said: "From the river. He is just fresh," and took another step, hopefully, nearer the bed.

She began to try to speak in reply. The boy saw her lips, cracked like old scarlet enamel, open a little. All that happened after some moments of waiting was that the tongue pressed itself forward between them, like a brown, slow slug. As the lips moved again the tongue receded.

Then came a word. He did not know what word it was. It seemed to hang on her mouth like a thin blob of water that would not fall. He waited for it to fall and yet it did not fall, and all that he saw there after a time was the brown, dry tongue, re-emerging in some new and pained attempt to finish the word or join it with another.

He stood watching her with eyes that shone in the lamplight. He wanted to step forward and lay the plate on the bed. He stood as if waiting for her to wake up.

For some time he remained like this. The girl struggled to focus him and then to speak to him from the bed, until at last he heard Paterson telling him to sit down. He was not surprised by this. He was troubled only by the problem of whether to sit on the bed or squat on the floor. He decided to sit on the floor.

The girl made flabby and disjointed movements with her arms above the blankets. The plate of fish, cooling now

The jacaranda

As conditions got worse, the survival of the trio became more
than ever important to Paterson

by H. E. BATES

so that he could see a little congealing of butter on the fork, lay between her hands and his own. He saw her grasp the edges. Her hands could not hold themselves still and shuddered several times, so that the fork on the plate rattled feverishly. This sound had its echo in her mouth.

She seemed to be trying to speak to him, and after a second or two he heard a word. He leaned forward a fraction in order to hear her better. He thought the word sounded like "You," but he was not sure, and in another moment her face, drenched in sweat, seemed to shrink away.

He did not know how to interpret all this, and, smiling at last, looked at Paterson.

"She means you," Paterson said.

"She wants you to eat it."

"No," he said. "No."

"You eat it."

"No," he said. "For Miss Conn."

"She doesn't want it."

"Patson eat it?"

"No," Paterson said. "You eat it."

"Very good fish. New from the river. With butter."

"You eat it," Paterson smiled. "It will make you fat."

Tuesday picked up the fork and, not wanting to eat, gave Paterson one more glance before stabbing at the fish hardening in its pale, congealing butter. From her horizontal position the girl seemed to be watching him. Her eyes were nothing more than cracks in the purple-brown bulges of her swollen lids. This stare seemed to be fixed on him with a sort of horrible affection. He wanted passionately to rush out of the tent, away from it.

It held him hypnotically as he raised the fish in small mouthfuls, chewing at it dryly.

And soon, as he slowly ate the tepid fish that had no taste now except the sickliness of butter and a touch of acid sometimes from the lime, he became aware that there was no sound in the tent except the small click of the fork on the enamel plate each time he put it down.

This sound began to take on a terrible monotony. It affected him so that, little by little, he was afraid to touch the plate with the fork.

At last he let the fork lie on the blanket. Then, slowly and quietly, relieved from the repeated tiny sound that seemed to clatter with ghastly echoes through the confined space of the tent, he ate the last of the fish with his hands.

When he put them down again he found them held by the girl. The plate, released by her, slipped slowly off the blanket, taking the fork with it. They fell together, striking one of the metal-faced supports of the camp bed, then clattering against each other.

This sound magnified the silence infinitely. In turn the silence seemed to

grip him, pressing him down. He was held by the girl's hands into a curious squatting position on the bed, inextricably locked with her. He wanted to be sick. The fish seemed to have swollen and lodged in his throat and would not go down.

The girl caught hold of him with her hands. He felt her pulling him slowly down. She pulled him with great difficulty to within about six inches of her face, so that he could smell the terrible breath of her fever and the rottenness of her sweat. A second later he felt the spasm of death going over her, so that at last he was free.

When he released himself and went out of the tent, taking the plate and fork with him, without a word, his sister was sitting by the fire, waiting for Paterson to come.

"Miss Conn is dead," he said, and slowly his sister smiled.

PATERSON sterilized the thermometer and took the boy's temperature, once that evening, after Connie McNairn had died, and once in the morning, before they started on. He made the boy bath himself and then stood over him, night and morning, while he washed out, with a solution of iodine, his mouth and throat and nose. He was taking no chances, he thought, and it was the best, in a simple way, he could do. The temperature was obstinately normal both times.

When he had finished with the boy he sterilized the thermometer and took the hurricane lamp and went over to where, by the car, Nadia was already lying under the blankets. He set the lamp in the dust by her face and saw her black eyes move, clear and quick, wide awake. After the dilated dying eyes of the girl in the tent they seemed wonderfully vigorous; he could not believe in the beauty of their bright wakefulness.

He knelt down and put the thermometer in her mouth and pressed his own mouth against, the turned flank of her hair, feeling for a moment very tired, the veins of his body sere and empty, his mind sleepy and yet terribly grateful that she was there. She took the thermometer out of her mouth and said, "I am well. There is no need of this."

He smiled and put it back and held her wrist, watching the hands of his watch, feeling her blood beating steadily and strongly. For a full minute the small, stray pulse of it seemed to spread out down the forested valley. It broke on the dark hills and seemed to become, in an odd way, the reverberation of a car engine, accelerated into shattering revolutions somewhere very far away. Occupied with her temperature, he did not take much notice of it.

Then he took the thermometer out of her mouth, holding and turning it in the light so that he could see the mercury. He saw the glint of it on the normal mark, heard the engine churning and revving furiously again and sat there for

a moment listening, wondering what it could be.

"Am I well?" she said.

"Very well." Thank heaven they both are, he thought, and felt relief flooding through his dried veins as he listened to the engine suddenly, in an explosive roar, dying away.

"And now you." She moved to take the thermometer and put it in his mouth. He wanted to say "not without sterilization," but the word had in Burmese no equivalent that he could remember, and he said "Not without washing" instead.

She laughed a little and said, "Am I not clean, then?" He caught the fresh fragrance of her face and did not know how to explain what suddenly seemed like a trivial and superfluous thing.

"Put it in your mouth," she said.

"It should be boiled first," he said, and she began laughing again, her eyes brilliantly black as she flicked the thermometer and teased his face.

"Because you eat it?"

"Because there could be disease on it."

"I have no disease," she said. "I am very well. You said so."

"There could be disease on it. That's what I said. There could be disease on it and if it were not washed away I could get it into myself."

"Are you afraid of getting the same disease as I might have?"

"No."

"Then put the thing in your mouth," she said, and held the thermometer between his lips, pressing the tip of it softly in.

He opened his mouth to say, "There is no need. I am well. Like you," but in the moment of opening it she pressed the thermometer in. He found himself taking it on his tongue, curling it under and holding it there.

FOR about thirty seconds she did not speak, and then she said, "You were not afraid of the disease you might get from her," and he understood suddenly all her teasing, all the laughing that was really fear.

Somewhere far down the valley the car engine woke again with a roar. He sat with the thermometer askew in his mouth, listening. He was puzzled by the sound of it, and did not for a moment hear her say, "You have not answered." Then he took the thermometer out of his mouth and said: "I could not talk with the thing in my mouth."

"Are you afraid? Say it now."

"No," he said, "I am not afraid."

"If the disease is in my mouth will it be in yours now?"

"It could be."

"If the disease was in her mouth and came to yours could it come to mine?"

"No," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because the thing has been washed."

"Are you afraid of dying?"

"I don't want to die."

"What does the thing say?" She

Tree

took the thermometer from his hand and held it in the light of the lamp, turning it. "Where does it say you will die?"

"When the little mark goes up to 103, or 104, or 105."

"What is it now?"

He took the thermometer back from her, flipped it several times in his fingers. Then he turned it in the light so that she could see the line of mercury. He saw it gleam like a silver hair streak and heard, far down the valley, for the third time, the noise of the car. He listened again to it, momentarily pre-occupied.

"What does it say?"

Suddenly he came to himself. Tranquillized, no longer quite so tired, the hideous affair of Connie McNairn shrouded over, he felt some of the life in him come back. He looked casually and dryly at the thermometer. And then, teasing her, he told her how bad it was for him. "A hundred and ten," he said. "Very terrible. I shall die. No one can live with that."

She began crying even before he had finished speaking. Instantly he felt he could have cut out his tongue. He lay

down beside her, outside the blanket, speaking to her softly; he felt miserable and angry with himself and said, "It was not that. I didn't mean it was that. There is no danger. It is not that." But she did not answer.

After some moments he moved the lamp away and undressed himself and put the thermometer where he could find it in the pocket of his shirt. As he tucked it away, curiosity impelled him for a moment to look at it, and he saw the mark at a little under 101. He felt abruptly impatient at the whole affair, and then vaguely remembered something about typhoid, or perhaps it was typhus, and keeping the patient's temperature down.

He wished suddenly that Miss Allison had never gone back. She would have told him whether or not it was true that if once the patient's temperature had soared it was all over. And then down the valley the car roared once more. It shattered all the brittle consciousness of his personal fear, bringing him back at last, quietly and tenderly, to the girl.

He crawled under the blanket and lay beside her. He felt once again as he held her there that the simplicity of it stood for all he loved and hated losing in Burma, just as in another sense Connie McNairn, far more than the Portmans or Bettessons or her mother, stood for all that was being extinguished there.

And suddenly he wanted passionately to survive. He wanted the three of them

to survive. Only through survival could the journey have any meaning. And if it had any meaning it was that one day the three of them, inextinguishable, would come back.

In the morning the road climbed for some distance steeply away from the stream, into hillier country. Traverses of bamboo, roughly built across gradients, had been beaten by traffic into useless tinder. From the crest of a rise in the road the country was revealed simply as one crest after another, the jungle tightly assured like a cauliflower, the high plateau separating it from India still nothing but a shapeless mass in the high haze beyond.

Soon the road wound down again, steep in thick dust, back towards the river. In half an hour traffic was congealing on the slopes: first coolies and villagers who shot out of the way as Paterson hooted; then carts; then whole groups of Indians and Burmese, mostly women and children, squatting on the road. He managed to push the car forward, using low gear as a brake, the radiator steaming, for another half mile. Then the impasse of carts and bodies became complete, stopping him altogether. When he leaned out of the window and asked for reasons he was greeted with a score or two of pointing arms. It was always the same answer:

"The bridge."

Finally he left the car in gear and got out and walked ahead for about a hun-

dered yards. And there, beyond the next turn of road, he saw the bridge.

It was one of those bridges, fragile in appearance as if knotted of sun-bleached rope, built for the dry season with teak piles and bamboo, that the waters of the monsoon regularly wash away. It had never been built for the continuous traffic that had now broken four or five yards out of the centre of it, so that it hung above the gorge like the fractured backbone of a fish.

Paterson stood for some moments watching coolies working to repair the middle of it. They seemed tiny and casual, like drugged ants in the sun. Bunches of refugees were waiting, infinitely patient, as if resigned to the fact that what was not repaired today would be repaired tomorrow. He saw a car there, too. Under the bridge the water was too deep and fast for wading, and a few improvised boats of bamboo were being paddled over, festooned with emerald, silly sails made of large leaves of plantain.

He walked down to the end of the bridge. It was a reasonably good bridge for reasonable times. But now, he thought, the times were not reasonable, and it curved down to the centre to a drop of thirty feet above the water, and down below he could see the partially submerged wreckage of a bullock cart that had gone over.

He walked on to the bridge. With a double stamp of his feet he sent across

Continued on page 21



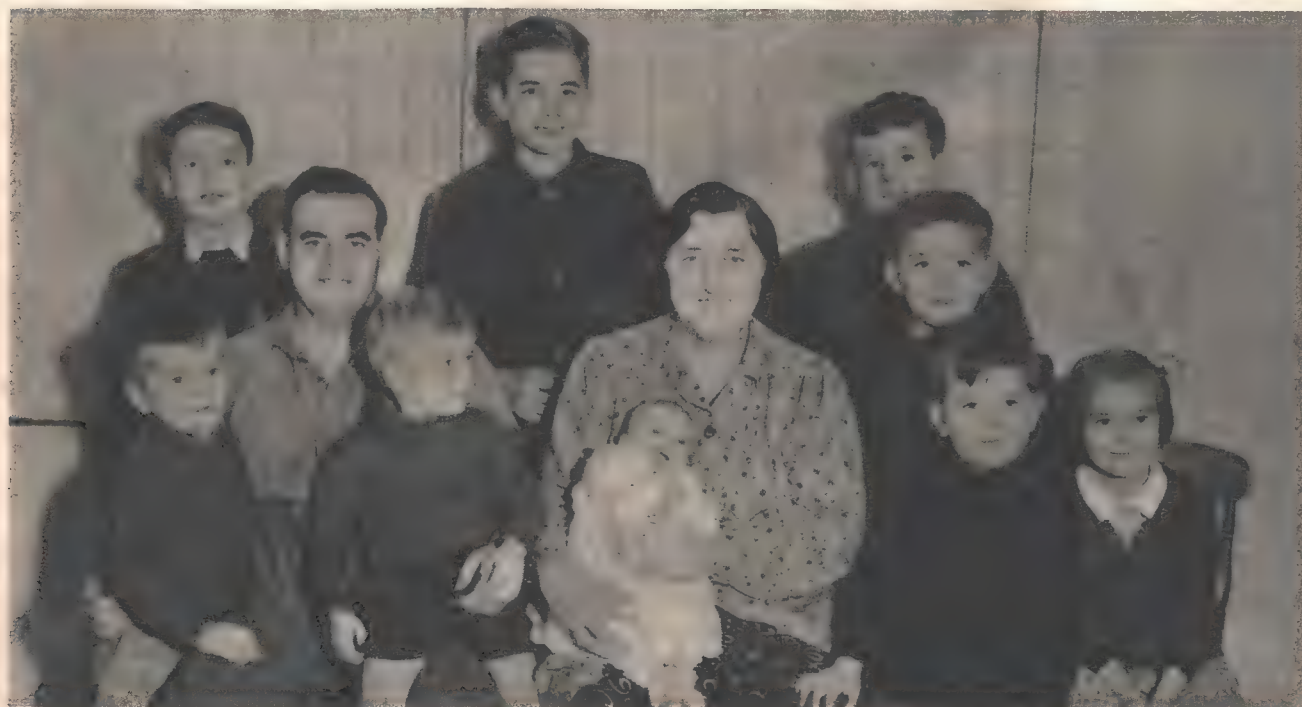
Illustrated by K. J. Peters

Taking the thermometer from his mouth, Nadia put it into her own and held it there. The sight of this simple act filled Paterson with terror

FREE SPEECH

Hospitals need own current supply; disabled who are

"barred" from libraries; sidelight on dental service



Trying to get to Australia since 1938: Charlton family of seven boys, two girls, still hopes to be nominated

RECENTLY A NUMBER OF MEN walked out of a power station. One result was that at the King George Hospital, Ilford, operations had to be postponed.

As this cannot have been the first time that current failure has affected hospitals, why don't they have their own power stations? After all, when a fair comes to town it is lit by power from its own generators. Life may depend on an emergency operation.—C. LOWDER, 13 Primrose Terrace, Newton, Derbyshire.

They Want to Read, Too

INVALIDS AND DISABLED PERSONS have the most time and the greatest need for reading. Yet I do not know of a single public library that makes entry any easier for invalid chairs by providing a ramp.

After using an invalid chair for sixteen years I have yet to find a public library I can enter without difficulty.—DENIS C. SHEARMAN, 1 Dovercourt Road, Cosham, Hants.

Cheaper to Pay?

WHEN I VISITED my dentist before the Health Scheme was operating I used to call outside my working hours and pay a reasonable fee. Now, I have to visit him during working hours, which usually costs me half a day's pay; and I've had three visits for just one filling.

This, on top of the National Insurance contributions, means that the scheme is costing me far more than private treatment.—MISS BARBARA LILLEY, Knowsley Park, near Prescott, Lancs.

Do Aussies Want Thanks?

AS A RECIPIENT of two food parcels from Australia, I should like to reply to H. Jackson, J.P., who wrote from Australia (JOHN BULL, December 18) complaining that few British people were writing letters of thanks.

I wrote thanking the sender after receiving each parcel. There was no reply to my first letter. To the second, in which I had asked if there were any little thing I could send from England. I

received a very cold letter informing me that the writer was a very important person, secretary to a very important organization and that if there were any small thing she required in England she would certainly get it herself.

This flattened me out completely. It was also the end of the parcels.—MRS. A. M. WHITE, 4 Cedar Crescent, Leazes, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Shipping Order

I SAW WITH INTEREST that one of JOHN BULL's readers has been nominated by an Australian family, allowing him and his family to emigrate "Down Under" ("Free Speech," December 11). They are indeed lucky, as we have been trying to emigrate there since early 1938.

My husband has been offered a job at the Warraganka Dam project, but can't obtain an assisted passage until we have someone to nominate us. Unfortunately, we shall need more accommodation than most people can offer us as we are a large family, seven boys and two girls. Also we know no one in Australia. Once there we would be put on the priority housing list. But we've still to be nominated!—MRS. F. H. CHARLTON, 24 Enfield, Winchcombe, Glos.

Public Schools, by a Miner . . .

I WAS SURPRISED and amused to read the letter from a former public school boy in JOHN BULL, December 18, in which he claimed that a public school education

was no better than any other, and bred snobbishness.

I am a miner of thirty-eight years' experience, and I have two sons who went to public schools, and both eventually took B.A. degrees. Their experience was vastly different from that of your correspondent.

They were treated as equals by masters and boys alike, and our home was certainly not looked down upon. They had a far better education than they could have got elsewhere, and had the good sense to benefit from it.—J. HALL, 20 Parkgate, Cinderford, Glos.

. . . By a Master

AS A PUBLIC SCHOOL MASTER I should like to refute your correspondent's suggestions about snobbishness in public schools. Boys and masters judge a boy by what he is and what he can do. Snobbishness is, of course, common to all human institutions, and starts usually with women, especially those who have risen rapidly in the social scale.

Spoilt, bumptious or peculiar boys get short shrift in all schools, whether they are public schools or not. I sent my own two boys to public schools on scholarships.—F. L. NORDEN, Lancing College, Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex.

"Poverty-stricken" Hoteliers

RICHARD COLLIER'S ARTICLE, "Hotel Crisis Hits Guests" (JOHN BULL, December 18), gave the hotel-keepers' point

of view—but not that of the workers. Before the Catering Wages Act (which is allegedly "hitting" hoteliers) was introduced, Britain's hotel industry was nothing more than a slave trade, in which workers were paid practically nothing and had to make a living on tips.

Today there are still married men in hotels taking home under £4 a week to keep a wife and family.

If these badly hit hotel owners are being driven to poverty by the Act, then it would no doubt be a great relief to them if the Government nationalised the complete industry!—W. A. MILLER, London Catering No. 1 Branch, 53 Nursery Row, Walworth, London, S.E.17.

Married a Pervert

IS ANY USEFUL PURPOSE served by publishing in newspapers the sordid details of divorce cases where the appeal is made on the grounds of sexual perversion?

It is from sheer fear of this publicity that I have not sought legal freedom. Shortly after my marriage I found to my horror and disgust that I was married to a sexual pervert. Wishing to hide from my family the fact that my marriage was unhappy, and also hoping to cure him, I stayed with him until at last his practices became so revolting that I began seriously to wonder if I was married to the Devil.

I ran away and now hold an official position. I am doing my utmost to forget the degradation that I found in marriage. But haven't women like me suffered enough without the added humiliation of newspaper publicity when we seek divorce? There should be an amendment in the divorce laws giving privacy and security to guiltless parties.—MRS. E. B., Kent. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Defective Stamp Machines

A READER, Mrs. E. Williams, suggested (JOHN BULL, December 18) that stamp machines should be fitted with gadgets showing when they are empty.

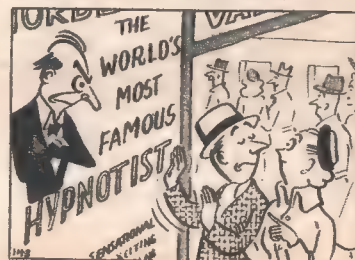
All stamp machines must by law possess such a device, which in some cases returns coins if stamps cannot be supplied. But the Post Office has nothing to do with the mechanical side of these machines which, like all other machines, are subject to defects. They are produced by outside contract.—MRS. DORA CREED, 10 Talfourd Place, Peckham, London, S.E.15.

Wouldn't Need Licking

ISN'T IT POSSIBLE to have public franking machines, which would also date-stamp and post letters passed through the rollers once the correct amount has been inserted in the slot?—Miss B. M. P., Pembroke. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

OH, JOHNNY!



by TIM



It's baby who decides

It's baby who decides about the milk. Steady growth, lots of energy, contented days and peaceful nights—they tell a mother in the happiest of ways the milk baby prefers. And it's surprising how many babies choose Ostermilk... No. 1 first and then No. 2 later.



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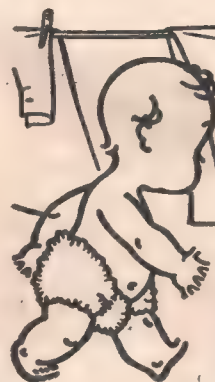
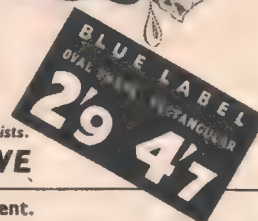


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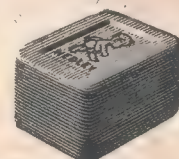
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WORLD'S BEST
NIGHTCAP



THE JACARANDA TREE

Continued from page 17

it a quiver that abruptly aroused, in the middle of it, the arguing coolies. He had produced the effect of someone dangerously rocking a boat.

Immediately a figure came roaring back towards him across the bridge.

"What the hell are you playing at? You want the whole lot to go? What the hell are you up to?"

The sweating figure of the Dutchman who had hurtled past them in his car before the Portman disaster came rolling along the bridge track, swaying the whole structure violently.

"Oh! It's you," he said to Paterson. "For God's sake don't do that. You want the whole lot to go?"

"How long has this been going on?" Paterson said.

"Two bloody days!"

"They're pretty simple to repair. Usually. What went wrong?"

"They repaired it and then a bloody cart went over—too soon, before it was ready! Two people drowned. A hell of a thing. It may be a week now."

Paterson took a step or two forward along the bridge. The Dutchman was a pink ball of sweat. "Don't swing it! Don't rock it, for God's sake!"

"All right," Paterson said.

He walked slowly out to the centre of the bridge. He paused now and then to lean and look down. It seemed to him that the original collapse had been a minor affair; a thing easily done and easily repaired. But the fall of the heavy, cumbrous bullock cart had cracked, like a matchstick, a diagonal centre support. At a point where stress was greatest the big supporting bar now stuck up like a fractured bone.

He began to speak to the coolies, who were lashing fresh lengths of bamboo across the central gap. They were not happy, fearing the Dutchman would come suddenly blundering over, as the cart had done, before the repair was ready.

KARENS mostly, the coolies saw that Paterson understood them and crowded round him. They pointed over the side of the bridge to the smashed support, repeating the story of the falling cart, with new embroideries of horror.

He said something vaguely to them, felt very sick and walked back across the bridge.

The Dutchman was waiting.

"Well? How long?"

"The bridge can be fixed. Probably in two days."

"Two bloody days!"

Paterson turned from watching the bridge to where, on the stream edge, two peasants and a woman were lashing bamboo into a raft with vine cords and strings of green bamboo.

"Might get it done in less if we feed them," he said.

"Feed them? Feed them? Why feed them? They have food."

Paterson began to walk up the track. The wave of sickness had gone. He felt very English. Obstinate, phlegmatically, purposely, deliberately English, he remembered the Dutchman's rumour of cholera, earlier on in the journey, and suddenly hated the excitability, the sweating gusto of the man.

He realized that his faintness had come of hunger. He had not breakfasted. He said deliberately, "I'm going to eat and have a nap for an hour. I'll be better able to think things out."

Aghast at what seemed to be Paterson's indifference, the Dutchman was speechless. Then, as they came nearer Paterson's car and he saw Nadia and the boy sitting on the running board, patiently in charge of it, he realized that

Continued on next page



Those kindly housemaids often invited hungry boys to a feed below stairs

WOMEN I ADMIRE

by HERBERT HODGE

HE WAS A rather scraggy little chap, standing next to me in the pub, silently brooding over his beer. Suddenly he looked up at me and said: "I can't tolerate women. Can you?"

I was so taken aback, I set down my glass and stared at him. He obviously expected a reply of some kind. I couldn't think of anything to say.

But at that moment a tall, stoutly built woman pushed open the swing doors and called, "George!" And he answered, "Coming, dear"; gulped down the rest of his drink and hurried out.

That was years ago, but it still sticks in my mind. I've never been able to digest him; never been able to get over the shock of his even thinking about tolerating women. I've always thought of women the other way round. I'm always a little surprised to discover that a woman can tolerate me. (Although, of course, I never tell her so.)

The other evening, at a party, I found myself in an awkward predicament. One of the women guests, knowing I was going to be there, had brought along an old copy of JOHN BULL, in which I'd set down my views on women in the home—the beauty of her doing the cooking, darning, washing up and so

forth; and how a thoughtful husband should encourage her to keep on with it by giving her a little loving appreciation now and again.

This woman had apparently taken it in the wrong spirit. And now, at the party, she was waving my little brainchild about all over the place, asking everybody what they thought of it.

Not, mind you, that I'd wipe out a word of what I've said on this page about the beauty of a woman's waiting on a man, and the way she comforts, cossets and takes care of him. But I did feel I was being misunderstood at that party. The women seemed to think I was looking down on them because of it; whereas, of course, I was looking up.

He Daren't Ask Why

It's easy for a woman to understand how a man feels when he looks into her eyes. But she's more difficult to understand when he watches her scrubbing the dear hands worki work—and all for what he's done dare not say s wondering, too.

I've always t impressed than

façade of a woman. It's what she is that matters. As Mr. Polly's Uncle Pentstemon put it: "Wimmin's like prize packets. You never know what you've got till you've taken 'em home and undone 'em."

What's always impressed me about the nature of women is their kindness—toward a man, at any rate. I've sometimes noticed they are not always quite so kind to each other—especially if both are trying to be kind to the same man. But I've always felt that was none of my business. Enough if both were kind to me.

Angels in Aprons

The lines about women that have stuck most firmly in my mind are those of T. S. Eliot—looking out of his window in an upper-class street one morning, thirty or more years ago, and seeing:

*... the damp souls of housemaids
Sprouting despondently at area gates.*

Well, it's one man's point of view, and expressed with genius. But I've never been able to think of those old-time housemaids like that. I never noticed their damp souls (if they were damp). All I knew were their kind hearts.

Perhaps they felt happier in the evenings—when I mostly saw them. I was in my teens then. And I saw those housemaids as kind (though cautious) goddesses, in all the queenly beauty of white cap and apron and smoothly fitting black dress, as they peeped carefully over the area railings at the empty pools of light under the street-lamps; then, with a quick, backward jerk of the head beckoned a hungry youngster down those area steps—to a lovely feed; prepared with their own sweet hands; and made up of bits and pieces, titbits and tasters, from all the glorious upstairs leftovers.

I don't know whether I've been a luckier man than most, but that's the way women have treated me all my life.

Whether my difficulties have been small or great, there's been a woman to help me out. Shop assistants, waitresses, housemaids, nurses, and typists, too—they've all been kind to me. I could fill a book with their kindnesses.

Most men, I find, agree with some of that, but say there's another side to it, quoting much-quoted Sir Walter Scott on the subject:

*O Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please . . .
When pain and anguish wring the*

UNCLE ANDY



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"THANK you for the £250—and for the pleasure of hundreds of happy hours spent with *Bullets*! As an ardent 'Bulleter' I say that anyone with patience and faith in the judges can win."

That message to JOHN BULL came from *Bullets* 1,656th First prize-winner, reader W. H. Pickard, 163 Upperton Road, Leicester, who scored with his neat and telling effort: MEANT TO BE MORE—THAN "INITIAL" COMBINATION, UNO.

Happy hours with *Bullets*, such as Mr. Pickard has been enjoying for years, are awaiting you if you take up the hobby of competitions. And in case you missed the news of the sweeping *Bullets* developments for 1949 which were announced last week, here are the details again:

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To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make *Bullet* as usual.

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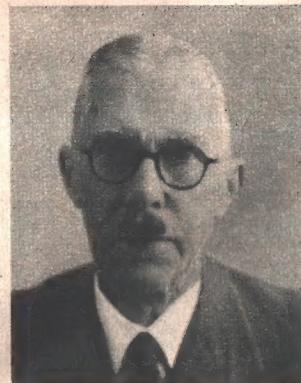
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RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Cross-words for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated February 5, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

In The 1949 Battle	Thrown Away
The Goods	In The Gallery
Growl Of The Bulldog	Shock For The
Prince Amongst Men	Plumber
Love	Pub Piano
Glimmer Of Light	With His Fingers
Piling Up	Crossed
On The Defensive	Incomplete "Examples"
New Teeth	—see instructions
Women Are Wonder-	If Mother.....
Stony	[ful, But Screaming For.....
Almost Got It	Couple Of.....
Fairly And Squarely	Saved.....Life
Jack Frost	View
Dull As Ditch-water	Hats Off To.....And

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,663 (or Xword 615) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)
NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.



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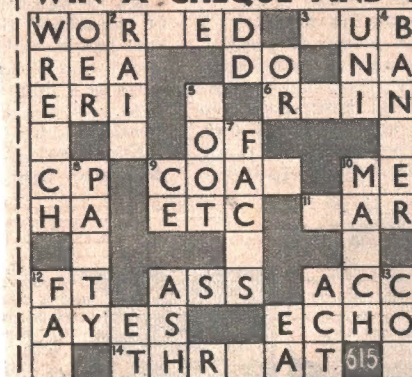
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A BIT WINTRY
PRESENT "SCENE"? PRESENTLY.
"TRANSFORMATION"

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Fifty Mystery Prizes and 1,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

THE JACARANDA TREE

Continued from previous page

something was wrong. He remembered another car. He recalled several people, a very pretty woman with a good figure, an odd-looking creature in spectacles. The absence of them all astonished him:

"Where are your people? Didn't you have another car?"

"They went back."

"Went back? Went back?"

The Dutchman, flabbergasted, stopped for a moment wiping the sweat off his chest with a perfectly clean, well-ironed handkerchief folded in a white square.

"You're joking. There was cholera back there. Didn't you know?"

Paterson did not speak.

Ten or fifteen yards beyond the car Tuesday had started a fire. Paterson felt suddenly tired, physically tired from the nausea of the morning, mentally tired of the agitation of the Dutchman.

"Have some tea with us."

"No thanks," the Dutchman said.

"But you—you don't look too good."

"I'm all right."

The Dutchman walked back to the bridge.

Paterson suddenly flopped on the dust, in the little shade that came down at the rear of the car.

He did not want to talk. He lay on his face. After what seemed a long time he turned to find the girl looking down on him, holding the thermometer. The tubular shape of it, enlarged by its nearness to his face, recalled the bridge. He tried to wave it away. A second later it was in his mouth. He suffered it to be there with surprised and unresisting anger. He was aware that she was gazing at the watch on his wrist.

He tried to resist all these movements, first by words, then by standing up. Nothing happened. The thermometer was taken out of his mouth. He tried to pursue its progress with his hands. They seemed glued to the sides of the mug and there was no strength in them, and he did not move. Then he saw with shattering brightness the girl put the thermometer into her mouth and hold it there.

The sight of this simple act filled him with terror. He felt the thermometer splinter as he wrenched it through her lips. It was as if she had been holding it with her teeth. Silver beads of mercury were spilt like seed. They mingled with the blood of her mouth where the glass had torn it. He came to himself with horror, speaking for the first time, muttering tenderly about her pain.

And then, as he staggered to his feet, he was overwhelmed by the simple significance of the thing she had done. He felt belittled and humiliated by it, and suddenly he dropped the mug and held her against his face. He tried to wipe away the blood by little, convulsive movements of tender sorrow. "Little one. Please. Little one," he said.

Five minutes later, glad the thermometer was broken, his brain freed of the disturbing web of nausea, he staggered back to the bridge.

To be concluded next week

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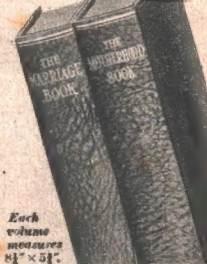
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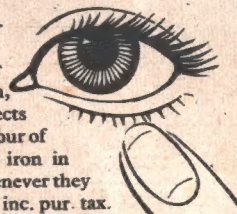
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